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CARDINAL NEWMAN

CARDINAL NEWMAN

A Biographical and Literary Study

BY

BERTRAM NEWMAN

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TO

MY FATHER AND MOTHER

PREFACE

This volume is, as will be apparent from its size, not addressed to the theologian or the ecclesiastical historian, but to the general reader, and is designed to provide an uncontroversial introduction to Newman regarded as an English Classic, and with special reference to such of his writings as may be held to possess a general as distinct from a purely theological appeal. For this task, ignorance of theology in general and of Catholic theology in particular is not, I hope, an absolute disqualification. An excuse for attempting it may be found in the fact that, except for Canon Barry's suggestive study (Hodder and Stoughton, 1904) from which mine differs somewhat in plan, no recent volume has, so far as I am aware, dealt with Newman from the above point of view.

Only occasional references have been given, since the facts have been derived almost entirely from well-known sources. First among these stand, for Newman's Roman Catholic life, the late Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Cardinal Newman* (2 vols., 1912), and, for Newman's earlier life, the *Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during his Life in the English Church*, edited by Anne Mozley (2 vols., 1891), both published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

To Mr. Ward's great work my obligations are unlimited, and I am also indebted in places to the same author's *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*. For the rest, I have had recourse chiefly to well-known books, such as Dean Church's *History of the Oxford Movement*, Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*, and, occasionally, to Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning*. From motives which will be readily intelligible, I denied myself the pleasure of reading Mr. Arnold Lunn's recent book, *Some Converts to Rome*, until my own was in the press.

The Cardinal's literary executors have, with great liberality, allowed me to quote from his published letters and memoranda, and I am much indebted to them for this permission. My acknowledgments are also due to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and to Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons, for allowing me to quote extracts from books of which they possess the copyright.

It is a pleasant duty to thank Mr. Kenneth Bell, Fellow of Balliol, for the interest which he has taken in this little work and the suggestions which he has made towards it.

I ought perhaps to add that, notwithstanding the identity of surname, I am not related to Cardinal Newman.

B. N.

November 1924.

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CARDINAL NEWMAN

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE UP TO ELECTION AS FELLOW OF ORIEL

At some time in the opening years of the nineteenth century two small boys might have been seen playing together in the garden of Bloomsbury Square. 'The younger,' it is said,[1] 'whose head was profuse with long black glossy ringlets, was a child of a rare Jewish type of beauty, and full of life and activity. The other was grave in demeanour, and wore his hair close cut, and walked and talked and moved in a way which in young people is called old fashioned.' The elder was John Henry Newman, the younger Benjamin Disraeli. Such an association, however short-lived and casual, cannot but strike the imagination. Among all differences of temperament, profession and creed, the two men subsequently showed some curious features of resemblance. They both realised keenly the part which imagination plays in human affairs, nor was the statesman without a vein of mysticism in

[1] Jennings, *Life of Cardinal Newman*, p. 4, quoting from an undated article in the *Catholic Times*.

his character. Both sought in time-hallowed institutions a bulwark against religious and social disintegration. Both became severe critics of Liberal Victorian England, with its complacent prosperity and its impenetrable optimism. Newman's social interests were never wide, but he no less than Disraeli deplored the transference of political power from a landed aristocracy to a commercial middle class. The literary work of each was, in its very different way, distinguished by qualities of rhetoric and irony. Their childish association was not continued in after years, though the statesman used to speak of the ecclesiastic with a respect which does not appear to have been reciprocated. That this affinity, so far as it goes, was due in any way to race does not appear to be the fact; there is no evidence whatever that Newman was of Jewish origin,[1] nor does his physiognomy seem to have been really Jewish in type.

We know nothing, in fact, of any hereditary strain to which some of Newman's characteristics might be ascribed. In conversation in later years he stated that the original home of his father's family was Swaffham in Norfolk, but the researches of his biographer could discover no details of his ancestry on this side. About his mother's descent we know a little more; two of the Foudriniers, one an inventor and the other an engraver, have places in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. They were a Huguenot family, who were exiled from France in consequence of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and, after

[1] See Ward's *Life, etc.*, 1, p. 27, note.

spending a generation in Holland, settled in England. Newman's immediate ancestors on both sides seem to have been of a prosperous mercantile class; at the time of his birth, on February 21st, 1801, in Old Broad Street, his father was partner in a London bank. Both his parents were affectionate and cultivated people, but, apart from the evangelical upbringing which his mother gave her family, any definite influence which either of them exercised on their eldest son is not traceable. Their evangelicism does not appear to have been of the harsh and gloomy type which that creed often assumed at that period; Newman's father is said to have been an 'unpretending firm-minded Englishman who had learned his morality more from Shakespeare than from the Bible.' It was a remarkable family. The two daughters who reached middle-life had gifts of intellect and character above the common. The third son, Francis William, was, though overshadowed by his more celebrated brother, a man of note in his day. After a varied career, including a missionary expedition to Persia, he became Professor of Latin in University College, London. He moved far away from the religion of his upbringing, and farther still from that of the future Cardinal; it was maliciously suggested that one of his works, *Phases of Faith*, might be bound up with the *Apologia* and the volume entitled, after a once popular but now forgotten work, *Guesses at Truth, by Two Brothers*. There was an eccentric strain in his character, which showed itself in, among other ways, an odd version of Homer which was

severely criticised by Matthew Arnold, and, more unpleasantly, in a rather spiteful little volume dealing with his brother's earlier life which he published very shortly after his brother's death. The second brother, Charles Robert, seems to have been definitely ill-balanced, and a burden on the family throughout a long and ineffectual life.

It need scarcely be said that Newman is, consciously or unconsciously, his own best biographer. It is especially impossible in a sketch of which the main object is to illustrate the extent and variety of his literary powers to dispense with a liberal amount of quotation from his writings. Self-suppression is a virtue in a biographer, and is especially desirable where the subject is one who runs some danger of being smothered under the mass of comment which he has provoked. Courage, too, is needed; to give examples of Newman's writing and then, undeterred thereby, to proceed with one's own, calls for a perpetual exercise of that quality.

It is fortunate that Newman was fond of dwelling upon his early life, for what he tells us of his childhood is of the highest interest and significance. 'I used,' he says, 'to wish the Arabian Tales were true; my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream and I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world.' Such imaginations are not remarkable in themselves, nor do they presage any-

thing remarkable in the many children who experience them. What is remarkable in Newman's case is that they did not in due course 'fade into the light of common day,' but were, as we shall see, strengthened and transmuted into a permanent part of at any rate his earlier life. His memory of childhood was abnormally strong. Writing to a friend in after years he says, 'I have been looking at the windows of our house at Ham, near Richmond, where I lay, aged five, looking at the candles stuck in them in celebration of the victory of Trafalgar. I have never seen the house since September 1807. I know more about it than any house I have been in since, and could pass an examination in it. It has ever been in my dreams.'

In the evangelical families of those days 'conversion' was expected to occur at adolescence, and, since it was expected to occur, it, or the appearance of it, did very often occur. Newman's own conversion, which occurred in his sixteenth year, was not accompanied by the emotional 'experiences' which were regarded as its proper accompaniments, and of which he always entertained a very healthy distrust. 'I fell,' he tells us, 'under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured.' The dogma was of a Calvinistic complexion, which, he proceeds to say, 'I retained till the age of twenty-one, when it gradually faded away; but I believe that it had some influence on my opinions, in the direction of those childish imaginations which I have already mentioned—viz., in isolating me from

the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator. . . .'[1]

The amount which has been written about Newman's mental and spiritual career has the inevitable effect of blunting the sharpness of first impressions. The plainest statement of fact is apt to suffer an insensible process of attrition by being perpetually discussed; much more so when the matter is one in which the language of sincerity passes so easily into the language of convention. But it is of the first importance for the understanding of a man who was as careful in recording his own inner life as he was exact in his use of words to take what he tells us about himself in a literal and natural fashion, and avoid burdening his own account with theories which may destroy its simplicity, or explanations which may dilute its meaning. Newman was never given to exaggeration, and, just because it is obvious, it is all the more important to remark the extremely unusual character of the state which he so quietly describes. The deep supernatural impression which his mind had thus early received was never effaced, and was the dominating factor of his whole subsequent life. The immediate and intuitive apprehension to which he refers remained entirely unaffected

[1] The testimony afforded by conscience was a frequent subject with Newman in after years. But it is just worth while pointing out that he does not mention the word in connection with these early experiences.

by the development of an intellect which was, later on, to evince rare powers of critical analysis, and in this combination may be found the key to much that seems puzzling in Newman's mental history.

The prose of Newman's boyhood must now be narrated. It is probably fortunate that the dreamy and self-centred boy was never subjected to the ordeal of a public school, for public schools were rough places in those days, from all accounts. He was sent instead to a large private school at Ealing, one of great repute in its day. Boys were freer in many respects then than they are now; the idea prevailed that they should be made to work hard in school and be left mainly to their own devices out of school; and Newman's school days were happier in consequence. His inclinations led him, not to football and cricket, but to editing a school magazine. He also displayed a surer token of literary aptitude by imitating in his own compositions the styles of various writers whom he came across.

By the time he was fifteen or sixteen Newman was, according to the ideas of the time, approaching the age for the University, but his father's uncertainty as to which University to choose is said to have persisted until the post-chaise was at the door. However, the Hounslow and not the Bishop's Stortford road was the one actually taken, and the evening found Newman in Oxford. He was accepted at Trinity College. 'Trinity? a most gentleman-like college; I am very pleased to hear it,' said the headmaster of the Ealing school when he heard the news. Newman went into residence in June 1817 when only sixteen years old,

an unusually early age, though Keble and Dr. Arnold had gone up even younger. The practice shows a curiously different view held by our great-grandfathers as to the age at which a boy might be considered to be for most intents and purposes grown up; though it might possibly be held that present arrangements, consequent partly on the growth of public schools during the last eighty years, go too far in the opposite direction. It is only fair to ascribe the premature gravity, not to say priggishness, which strikes us in the youthful correspondence not only of Newman but of others of that time as much to the system as to the individual.

Newman's first impressions of Trinity are contained in letters to his parents, and one almost wishes that the earthly appetites evinced in the following extract were of more frequent appearance in his early correspondence.

'At dinner I was much entertained by the novelty of the thing. Fish, flesh and fowl, beautiful salmon, haunches of mutton, lamb, etc., fine strong beer, served up in old pewter plates and mis-shapen earthenware jugs. Tell mama there were gooseberry, raspberry and apricot pies. And in all this the joint did not go round, but there was such a profusion that scarcely two ate of the same. Neither do they sit according to rank, but as they happen to come in.'

He had come into residence near the end of term and made pathetic efforts to get some direction as to what he was to read in the vacation. After a false start with one of the fellows whom he saw 'in top boots

on horseback on his way into the country' he managed to find a tutor to give him the necessary information. He was placed under the tuition of Mr. Short, a very long-lived Fellow of Trinity, who survived to welcome his distinguished pupil back to Oxford sixty years later. He shut himself up at first: 'The tailor entered my room the other day and asked me if I wanted mourning. I told him no. "Of course you have got some," said he. "No," I answered with surprise. "Everyone will be in mourning," he returned. "For whom?" "The Princess Charlotte."'

Some things in his new life did not please him. 'This year it was supposed there would have been no such merry-making (*i.e.*, the Gaudy). A quarrel existed among us: the College was divided into two sets, and no proposition for the usual subscription of wine was set on foot. Unhappily, a day or two before the time a reconciliation took place; the wine party is agreed upon, and this wicked union to be sealed with drunkenness is profanely joked upon with allusion to one of the expressions in the Athanasian Creed.'

Newman's letters to his family are our sole authority for his life at Trinity, no reminiscences from other sources having been preserved. His main recreation was music, and his closest friend—J. W. Bowden by name—seems to have shared his own serious tastes. Between them they edited an undergraduate paper which survived only for a number or two, and also published as a joint composition a poem called 'The

Massacre of St. Bartholomew,' of which the few lines that are given in Newman's correspondence will cause no one to regret the absence of the remainder. Bowden, who died prematurely, became a 'Commissioner at the Stamps and Taxes,' but dedicated his 'leisure and yearly vacation' to a life of Pope Gregory VII.

In spite of steady reading, including periods of intense application, Newman did poorly in the B.A. examination, mainly from overwork and nervousness. His scholarship, however, helped to keep him at Trinity for some time longer, but the question of a profession had to be faced. With his deep religious convictions, the choice could not long have been uncertain, though he did for the time, in deference to his father's wishes, think of going to the Bar. Meanwhile, he was free from examinations and could do pretty much what he liked. It is interesting to note that one of the first uses he made of this freedom was to attend lectures in Science, including Geology, and to dabble in chemical experiments. A dilettante interest in Natural Science was characteristic of educated persons in the latter part of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries; Dr. Johnson, it will be remembered, amused himself with Chemistry. However superficial the results might have been on those whose main studies lay elsewhere, it meant at any rate that humane learning was not so absolutely divorced from Natural Science as it has since become.

Being on the look-out for an opportunity of redeeming his failure in the Schools, Newman was emboldened

to offer himself as a candidate for a fellowship at Oriel, then the chief college in the University. Neither he himself nor his friends had much hope of his success. Succeed, however, he did. The day of his election, April 11th, 1822, he for ever after regarded as the most memorable day of his life. A career was now open to him with every possibility of distinction.

CHAPTER II

EARLY OXFORD PERIOD

The college of which Newman had just become a member occupied in the twenties and thirties of the last century a solitary pre-eminence such as no college has occupied since. Reserving a sketch of the general state of the University until Newman himself begins to play a leading part in it, we need only say that Oriel owed this position to the efforts of a series of reforming Heads, and to its policy of electing its fellows less on their actual performances at the examinations than on the promise they displayed of future development. When Newman joined it, the Oriel Common Room comprised, not merely the most remarkable body of men then existing in Oxford, but a body of men who would have been remarkable in any place at any time. They provided, indeed, no exception to the insular outlook of English thought in those years; of what was stirring on the Continent, of recent intellectual movements in France and Germany, they appear to have been as ignorant as were their contemporaries in general. Newman's correspondence in particular will be searched almost in vain for any allusion of this kind. However, at a time when the reactionary aftermath of the French Revolution still lay heavy on the land, the Oriel Common Room was

the centre of a vigorous criticism of current religions and social ideas. It formed no school, however, and included men of very diverse opinions, who, like all societies, tended to divide themselves into a liberal and a conservative group.

At first, it is plain, the Fellows of Oriel did not know what to make of their new recruit, and were half inclined to regret their choice. They had run some risk of criticism in taking him, having passed over in his favour several candidates who had taken first classes. Moreover, the Whig *Edinburgh Review*—which believed in useful knowledge—had been treating them lately to a taste of its genial banter in connection with a previous year's election when they had also elected on promise rather than on performance. The article, on classical study, was known to be aimed at Oriel in particular. 'The candidates,' said the reviewer, 'are locked up to write themes, solve a sorites, discuss the Latin for an earthquake, and perform other edifying tasks, and the close of this solemn farce is the annunciation of a choice that had been long determined, in proportion to the scrapings, grins, and genuflexions of the candidates.'

Newman could be fluent enough with his equals, but the formidable Oriel Common Room paralysed him. He was rebuked by the Provost for his manner of helping sweetbread ('We don't help sweetbread with a spoon; Butler, bring a blunt knife'), and also for an unwillingness to take wine with the other members of the society. Besides, a rumour had reached their ears that 'Mr. Newman had for years belonged to a club

of instrumental music, and had himself taken part in its public performances; a diversion innocent indeed in itself, but scarcely in keeping or in sympathy with an intellectual Common Room, or promising a satisfactory career to a nascent Fellow of Oriel.'

Newman's natural gravity was increased by the fact that he now had to bear a burden of family responsibility. His father had had financial troubles, which led him to leave London and undertake the management of a brewery at Alton, and not long after his son's election to Oriel he died. It is plain that the family looked to the eldest son a good deal; Newman assisted his younger brother, the future Professor of Latin, to come to Oxford, and superintended the education of his sisters. One wonders how far his sisters' studies were typical of their time. Harriett was learning Italian and paraphrasing Gibbon. 'Jemima,' her brother writes, 'is an ingenious girl, and has invented a very correct illustration of the generation of asymptotic curves.' Jemima survived, however, to become the wife of an eminent divine, J. B. Mozley.

The Fellows of Oriel treated their raw and shy probationer very wisely. They handed him over for treatment to the ablest and most forcible of their number, Dr. Richard Whateley, subsequently Archbishop of Dublin.

Logician, political economist and divine, Whateley was a man of great note in the early and middle years of the last century. He was a rare thing in those days, a Liberal ecclesiastic, who carried his principles so far as to favour emancipation of Catholics, the admission

of Dissenters to the University, the separation of the Church from the State provided that the Church could retain all its endowments, and, later on, the State endowment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. To say that his intellect was, if rather arid, eminently logical, acute and practical, that his temperament was of an unmystical type and that he profoundly distrusted any kind of emotionalism, is, according to some recent authorities, to say that he should have found himself thoroughly at home with the Irish people. In fact, however, he was, at any rate for most of his time, neither a very popular nor a very successful ecclesiastical statesman, probably because, for all his practical justice, he could not conceal his dislike of the two forms of Christianity, namely, the Roman Catholic and the Evangelical, which between them shared the allegiance of the entire population of Ireland. With this part of his career we are, however, not concerned. He was a born teacher, and his influence on Newman was as powerful as it was beneficial. Whateley showed his pupil every kindness, drew him out, and, before long, made him Vice-Principal under himself of the long defunct Alban Hall, a sort of academic Botany Bay for elderly undergraduates. On the intellectual side, perhaps the chief benefit he conferred on Newman was that of giving him a thorough education in logic. A mechanical kind of logic had always been demanded among the qualifications for an Oxford degree, but, during the earlier years of their friendship, Whateley associated Newman with himself in a work which was to embody a more

liberal conception of that science. Though antiquated now, Whateley's *Logic* emphasised the practical application of the subject in a manner which subsequent text-books have not always followed, and remained the standard treatise of its kind for many years. Newman's logical studies sharpened his dialectical faculty, and further developed the habit of clear definition and exact statement which his classical education had fostered.

It was to Whateley also that Newman owed his first introduction to authorship, in the shape of an invitation to contribute two substantial articles to an Encyclopædia of the day. One of them, on Cicero, shows a considerable acquaintance with the author, whom he always regarded as a model, and has some interest as showing the development of Newman's own style. The influence of Gibbon, one of the authors whom Newman had set himself to imitate as a boy, is clearly traceable in such a sentence as this. 'It may be doubted, indeed, whether any individual ever rose to power by more virtuous and truly honourable conduct; the integrity of his public life was only equalled by the correctness of his private morals; and it may at first excite some wonder that a course so splendidly begun should afterwards so little fulfil its early promise.' But the writer—he was only twenty-three—is clearly feeling his way to his own more flexible manner, and one of the marks of his style, that of accumulating short clauses and single verbs and adjectives for the purposes of exactness and emphasis, is also illustrated in the following extract.

'He accounts for everything so naturally, makes trivial circumstances tell so happily, so adroitly converts apparent objections into confirmations of his argument, connects independent facts with such ease and plausibility, that it becomes impossible to entertain a question on the truth of his statement [Newman gives instances]. So great indeed is his talent, that he even hurts a good cause by an excess of plausibility.

'But it is not enough to have barely proved his point; he proceeds, either immediately, or towards the conclusion of his speech, to heighten the effect by amplification. Here he goes (as it were) round and round his object; surveys it in every light; examines it in all its parts; retires and then advances; turns and re-turns it; compares and contrasts it; illustrates, confirms, enforces his view of the question, till at last the hearer feels ashamed of doubting a position which seems built on a foundation so strictly argumentative.'

This is a curious anticipation of many of Newman's own characteristics.

About this time, and at the earliest possible age, Newman was ordained, and became curate of a parish in Oxford, retaining his Oriel fellowship.

The Church of which Newman was now a minister was, in the twenties of the last century, very different from what it has since become. Broadly speaking, and apart from the sort of academic liberalism represented by Whateley and others, it comprised two main schools of religious thought. The 'High Churchmen' were not 'High' in the later meaning of the term, the phrase 'High and Dry,' which was often applied to

them, was meant to denote their hostility to the emotionalism of the Evangelicals. The Squire and the Parson were still the pillars of rural society, and this particular variety of parson represented the State in its religious and moral capacity in many livings up and down the land. Judged by modern standards, his strictly clerical aspect was not always very prominent, nor did public opinion demand of him any excessive zeal even as regards church services, much less as regards other activities. Laymen regarded him almost as one of themselves. If well-to-do, he was often an active magistrate and a keen sportsman; the number of black coats present at a meet would, it is said, have led a foreigner to suppose that some great disaster had overtaken the land. George Eliot's Mr. Irwine may be taken as a good specimen of what were a gentlemanly and not uncultivated body of men; even if a Bute Crawley was to be found now and then among them, there is no reason to think he was common. Doctrinally, the 'High and Dry' churchmen took their stand on tradition, and included in their numbers most of the theological learning that then existed. The religion which they professed was sober, reserved and practical; inculcating the cultivation of habits; suspicious of sudden conversions, both as to the experiences with which they were accompanied and the atmosphere in which they were fostered.

The type of religion last indicated was that congenial to the Evangelicals, among whom, as we have seen, Newman had been brought up, and among whom he was counted during his earliest Oxford days. They

were not a learned body; they based their faith on the Bible alone, repudiating tradition. More lively sources than ecclesiastical history are at hand to give us an idea of the early nineteenth-century Evangelicals as they were according to the flesh; indifferent as they were to literature, literature has shown itself far from indifferent to them. We will pass by Samuel Butler's sarcastic treatment of their dingier aspects at Cambridge, and Newman's hardly more polite sketch of an Evangelical tea-fight at Oxford, in favour of Thackeray's picture of them as established in opulence at Clapham. The opulence, indeed, of many prominent Evangelicals of those days was due to their firm and hereditary hold on two doctrines eminently conducive to the attainment of wealth, viz., that hard work was a supreme duty, and that most forms of pleasure—except, indeed, the 'pleasures of the table'—were unbecoming to Christians. Mrs. Sophia Alethea Newman did not, it is true, belong to the Established Church, but the differences between the Evangelicals within and the more sober of those without the Establishment were not considerable. The atmosphere, it will be remembered, of that serious Paradise at Clapham damped even the festive butcher-boy as he entered in at the gate, while inside 'the most eloquent expounders, the most gifted missionaries, and the most interesting converts from foreign lands,' mostly in black kid gloves, held forth round a well-spread board, waited upon by, among other domestics, a black footman. The Evangelicals were indeed fast friends of the oppressed

negro; as Mr. Chesterton says, 'one would almost suppose that they loved the negro for his colour, and would have turned away from red or yellow men as needlessly gaudy.' In general, they were despised by the 'High and Dry' churchmen for their lack of culture and their emotional propensities. None the less, Evangelicalism, within and without the Established Church, had borne noble fruit in practical Christianity, and the mantle of Howard, Wilberforce and Clarkson was, later on, to fall upon another Evangelical, Lord Shaftesbury. The favour of George III and the anti-Popery feeling engendered by the Napoleonic wars had given them an artificial importance at the beginning of the century, but, by the time of which we are now speaking, they had alienated the more intellectual of the rising generation.

Newman's own Evangelicalism had led him, as he tells us, to use 'flippant language about the Fathers,' but it was now wearing very thin. He had been marked down as a hopeful young man by the leaders of the party in Oxford, and had been made one of the secretaries of the 'Oxford Auxiliary Bible Society.' But he was doubtful if he approved of their doctrines, and was sure he disliked the language in which those doctrines were conveyed. On the unctuous style of one particular publication of the Society's which came before him he had no mercy, and, as a consequence of the two hundred and fifty amendments which he proposed, his connection with the Society came to a sudden end. Later on, he was to criticise 'the absence of nature, composure, unobtrusiveness, healthy and

unstudied feeling, variety and ease of language' which he had found in that company.

Nor was it long before Newman passed definitely out of Whateley's sphere of influence, much as he always acknowledged that he owed to his old teacher. In any case, the connection between two men so temperamentally opposed could not have lasted for ever. Whateley prided himself on teaching his pupils to think for themselves; but, unfortunately, this particular pupil, when provided with that power, proceeded to exercise it in quite the wrong direction. The native tendency of Newman's mind reasserted itself; and he gravitated towards the high ecclesiastical party. In Whateley's eyes, that party, so far as it was innocuous, represented merely prejudice combined with port, but, so far as it was dangerous, represented prejudice combined with the study of what he disrespectfully called 'certain old divines.' Its most prominent representatives in or connected with the Oriel Common Room were two men, one a little younger and the other some years older than Newman himself, Richard Hurrell Froude and John Keble.

If, as someone has said, posthumous reputation partakes of the nature of a shuttlecock, Froude and Keble ought to be, up to date, tolerably secure of their own. Apart from Newman's *Apologia*, they have been described in more recent times by hands whose extreme competence will no more be questioned than their extreme dissimilarity; it is not given to many to be dealt with both by Dean Church and by Mr. Lytton

Strachey.[1] Froude, brother of the historian, was a young man in a great hurry to mediævalise the Church of England. The curious who may desire to find his zealous crudity and introspective propensities displayed at some length may—but they are not recommended to try—find them in his own *Remains*, as injudiciously given to the world after his early death. He was clever enough, and what he would have become if he had lived it is impossible to say; as it is, he is the only one of the band of men with whom his name stands associated who gives the impression of really lacking ballast. He was, it should be added, the only one of Newman's friends who had attempted some serious historical study of the Middle Ages—an uncommon thing in those days. His influence on Newman was great while it lasted, and it was he who brought Newman and Keble together; but he died before the religious movement to whose inception he was the most aggressive contributor had gone very far. A more important and lasting influence in Newman's life was Keble.

It is difficult for most of us to appreciate Keble now. He reflects so exactly the outlook of a particular class at a particular and comparatively recent time, and is thereby invested with the unattractiveness of the old-fashioned without the dignity of the antique. In these circumstances it is only fair to quote some beautiful and familiar sentences which Newman, speaking of the

[1] It should be unnecessary to refer to the essay on Cardinal Manning in *Eminent Victorians*, which essay, partly concerned as it is with Newman, covers, unfortunately for myself, some of the ground of the present volume.

Oxford Movement, has dedicated to him. 'The true and primary author of it, however, as is usual with great motive powers, was out of sight. Having carried off as a mere boy the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble?' Keble's fame rests, or rather rested, partly on the fugitive ground of personal impression, and partly on the *Christian Year*. It is difficult now to understand the literary as distinct from the devotional reputation that was once enjoyed by a book which set out with the professed intention of exhibiting the 'soothing' tendencies of the Anglican liturgy. There was, however, clearly a demand for a work which invested the Anglican Church with the externals of poetry; and even this modest task, we may add, must have required imagination in the twenties of the last century. The *Christian Year*, published in 1827, fell of course on a barren time. Keats, Shelley and Byron were lately dead. Wordsworth, the chief living poet, had by that time developed an unimpeachable orthodoxy, and had himself set the example of a metrical treatment of English Church history in the *Ecclesiastical Sketches*. But Keble had powers other than those evidenced by the *Christian Year*. His lectures as Professor of Poetry in the University have won commendation from the high authority of Professor Saintsbury, but though they have recently been translated, were unfortunately written in Latin. He had his share of an *odium*

theologicum which extended itself from principles to persons, and the way in which he was liable to be coddled by the rather small-minded class of country gentlefolk whom we may see portrayed, and portrayed at their best, in Miss Yonge's novels has an irritating effect to-day. None the less, he was a great man in his generation. By the time of his death he had struck the public imagination as the highest specimen of a peculiarly English type, the country parson, cultivated, unworldly and devout, content to live for his own parish and a small circle of friends.

But a far more uncommon personality than any of these remains to be mentioned. Across this sober society of English clergymen there flashes a strange and exotic figure, that of Joseph Blanco White, a Spaniard by birth but of Irish descent on the father's side. He has left us an account of his life in his remarkable though forgotten memoirs, and an extraordinary life it was. Ordained priest in Spain, he left the Roman Church in consequence of what everyone allowed to be a sincere conviction, took some part in the national disturbances which ensued upon the French invasion of the Peninsula, and eventually made his escape to England. In the course of a vagrant life of writing and teaching, he made friends and corresponded with some of the chief literary men of the day, including Southey and Coleridge. Settling for a time in Oxford, he became a member of the Oriel Common Room, officiated as an Anglican clergyman, and is said by his intellectual influence on the prominent men in the University to have been the chief founder of the

latitudinarian movement in the Church of England. Among his miscellaneous writings is a sonnet called 'Night and Death,' which, though it does not seem to have found its way into many recent anthologies, has been pronounced by no less an authority than Coleridge to be the most grandly-conceived in the language. He ended his spiritual vicissitudes by becoming a Unitarian, and, estranged from his old friends, betook himself to Liverpool. There, after much mental and physical suffering, he died in 1841. The influence of his mordant and restless intellect on Newman was chiefly by way of reaction, but not therefore negligible.

It is evident that, in his earlier Oriel days, Newman made a great impression on all these remarkable men. But, while we know, and in some detail, how he appeared to himself at various stages of his life, how he appeared to other and more ordinary people at this time is not so easy to say. He clearly developed late, both as a man and as a writer. As a spiritual leader, and not only in the pulpit, he was later on to wield an amazing power over minds at all susceptible to such influences; very different and very competent observers have exhausted language in endeavouring to describe this aspect of him. But there is no reason to think that he made any impression save that of a timid and ungenial recluse upon the ordinary run of healthy-minded youths who were not inclined to impair their constitutions by excessive study, nor is there any reason to question the testimony of one who would certainly, as an undergraduate, have ranked himself in this category. Sir Charles Murray (1806–1895),

subsequently a noted traveller and diplomatist, had Newman for a tutor round about 1825. The noise which he and his friends made disturbed Newman at his nightly studies, and a bell which Newman hung up outside his door for the purpose of summoning the College porter to stop them was dislodged with every circumstance of contumely. 'Newman never,' so runs the unflattering impression, 'inspired me or my fellow undergraduates with any interest, much less respect; on the contrary, we disliked, or rather distrusted him. He walked with his head bent, abstracted, but every now and then looking out of the corners of his eyes quickly, as though suspicious. . . . At lecture he was quiet, and what I should call sheepish; stuck to the text, and never diverged into contemporary history or made the lesson interesting. He always struck me as the most pusillanimous of men—wanting in the knowledge of human nature; and I am always surprised, and indeed never can understand, how it was he became such a great man. I never heard him preach.' [1]

But it could not have been for long that Newman was intimidated by the lustier sort of undergraduate. In spite of the popular impression, fostered largely by a well-known portrait of him done when he was in extreme old age and by a feminine hand, Newman was not, as we shall have ample opportunity of observing, one of the meekest of men. As soon as he became a person of importance, he seems to have been regarded

[1] Sir H. Maxwell's *Life of Sir Charles Murray*, p. 56 (William Blackwood and Sons).

by the general run of Oxford society as a rather mysterious personality who was all the more effective for a power of sarcasm which he could not always repress. 'Newman turned round and deposited on me one of those ponderous and icy "very likelies," after which you were expected to sit down in a corner and think of amending your conduct,' said one of his disciples, who had made a flippant remark. He even seems to have made an efficient Dean of his College. 'What did he say to you?' asked one undergraduate of another who had been called up before Newman in that capacity. 'I don't know,' replied the delinquent, 'but he looked at me.'

By 1826 or thereabouts Newman was beginning to be known in the University, and a year or two later he was moving fast in the direction of what was to become his life's mission. To combat religious 'liberalism,'[1] understood as the tendency to minimise the dogmatic element in religion, was henceforth to be the cause to which his whole powers of thought and of utterance were to be devoted.

In 1828 he became vicar of the University Church of St. Mary's, the pulpit of which he was to render famous throughout the length and breadth of the land. But the qualities which were to lead him to inspire a great ecclesiastical movement were in the meantime bringing him into collision with the Head of his College. He wished to add a definitely pastoral to the tutorial

[1] The definition in the *Apologia* of 'Liberalism' in this sense is as follows: 'It means false liberty of thought upon matters in which, from the constitution of the human mind, thought cannot be brought to any successful issue, and therefore is out of place.'

relationship subsisting between himself and his pupils. But the Provost, not unnaturally disapproving of a step which might weaken his own position, and scenting the possibility of a disturbing theological party developing in the College, prevented Newman and two other like-minded colleagues from receiving any more pupils. Newman's influence, however, was in no wise diminished by being deprived of his tutorship; he remained a Fellow of the College and filled various College offices; and his fame as a preacher and an occasional writer was growing apace.

The immediate effect of the Provost's action was to give Newman more time for what was now becoming his chief preoccupation, viz., the study of the Early Church. We have seen how his mind had, in his youth, received 'impressions of dogma' which were never effaced, and his interest instinctively centred on the period when the doctrine of the Church was being wrought into systematic intellectual form. The book in which these studies bore fruit, *The Arians of the Fourth Century* (1833), is certainly a work of great learning, and may perhaps still, if it has not been superseded, have an interest for the theological student. Its importance for Newman's biography rests mainly, no doubt, on the questions which it suggested to him as to the doctrinal position of the Church of England, but partly also on a very different strain which makes itself heard from out the history of dogmatic development and conciliar decisions. His study of the Alexandrian Fathers had in some respects even strengthened the impressions which had been

borne in upon his youth. 'Some portions of their teaching,' he tells us in the *Apologia*, 'magnificent in themselves, came like music to my inward ear, as if the response to ideas which, with little external to encourage them, I had cherished so long.' The external world, he learned, was a parable of something greater than itself; an 'economy' necessitated by the weakness of our nature and our apprehension, through which the Divine agency manifests itself in action. What if we can only estimate the external world by our poor categories of cause and effect, object and means, part and whole; or if its phenomena beguile us into thinking that matter can exist apart from the impressions which it makes on our senses? Behind it lie realities greater than we are capable of conceiving. A gradual Revelation had indeed taken place; Greece had been a preparation for Palestine; but 'the visible world still remains without its divine interpretation; Holy Church in her sacraments and her hierarchical appointments will remain even to the end of the world, only a symbol of those heavenly facts which fill eternity.' The visible world, he tells us, became a theatre of supernatural conflict. Angels, who were the real causes of 'motion, light and life'; Evil Spirits; Daemons, 'neither in heaven nor in hell,' who inspired nations and assemblies with characteristics often so different from those of the individuals who compose them. There could indeed have been little to encourage these beliefs either in the external circumstances of Newman's early life, or in the Oxford of 1830.

This quiet life of study and pastoral work was now to be interrupted. Hurrell Froude, who had for some time been in the grip of the consumption which was soon to end his life, was ordered a voyage to the Mediterranean. Newman decided to accompany him and his father in the then very uncommon venture of an extended foreign tour. Travellers of that age had opportunities of local observation which railways and standardised hotels have denied to ourselves, but Newman, like others of his generation, seems to have taken very little interest in the life as distinct from the sights of the lands through which he passed. His descriptions, however, of buildings, scenery, and the incidents of foreign travel have a freshness and force which make them excellent reading, and his letters present a lively picture of what an invalid travelling for his health had to put up with a century ago.

The travellers started from Falmouth in December 1832. Newman's first letter to his mother contains what might have been the raw material of one of those subtle descriptive pieces in which he abounds.

'I cannot describe the exquisite colour of the sea, which, though not striking as being strange or novel, is unlike anything I have ever seen; so subdued, so destitute of all display, so sober—I should call it, so gentleman-like in colour; and then so deep and solemn, and, if a colour can be so called, so strong; and then the contrast between the white and the indigo, and the change in the wake of the vessel into all colours—transparent green, white, white-green, etc. As evening came on, we had every appearance of being in a

warmer latitude. The sea brightened to a glowing purple, inclined to lilac : the sun set in a car of gold, and was succeeded by a sky, first pale orange, then gradually brightening to a dusky red; while Venus came out as the evening star with its peculiar intense brightness. Now it is bright starlight.'

Most people are unwilling to contemplate sea-sickness even in retrospect, but Newman finds matter for analysis even here.

'It began on going down to dinner on Saturday. The motion is felt much more below, and the cabin is close. A strange feeling came over me; the heaving to and fro of everything seemed to puzzle me from head to foot, but in such a vague, mysterious way that I could not get hold of it, or say what was the matter with me, or where. On I ate : I was determined, for it is one of the best alleviations. On I drank, but in so absurdly solemn a way, with such a perplexity of mind, not to say of body, that, as I have said, I laughed at myself. How I wished dinner over ! Yet, on I sat, heaving up and down, to and fro, in an endless meaningless motion; a trouble without a crisis; the discomfort of an uneasy dream. I went upstairs and got better.'

Newman's letters show the travellers staying at Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu; cruising in the Archipelago, and returning to Naples and Rome. The Froudes had to leave for home, and Newman was now free to fulfil a cherished project of visiting the interior of Sicily. Such a journey was no light matter in 1833. 'I have to-day,' he writes, 'made my prepara-

tions for my journey; a set of cooking utensils and tea service; curry powder, spice, pepper, salt, sugar, tea and ham, cold cream, a straw hat, and a map of Sicily. . . . I shall take a servant and three mules. . . . My whole expenses will be about 15*s.* a day—that is for 16 days £12. Adding from Rome to Messina, from Palermo to Marseilles, the expense will be £17.'

In Sicily, at Castro Giovanni, he caught a fever of which he nearly died. Of this illness he has left a long and minute account, which he revised some time afterwards. This narrow escape from death made the deepest impression on him. Prosaic details of the course of the malady are interspersed with passages of self-analysis induced by physical weakness.

'I compared myself with Keble, and felt that I was merely developing his, not my convictions. I know I had very clear thoughts about this then, and I believe in the main true ones. Indeed, this is how I look on myself; very much (as the illustration goes) as a pane of glass, which transports heat, being cold itself. I have a vivid perception of the consequences of certain admitted principles, have a considerable intellectual capacity of drawing them out, have the refinement to admire them, and a rhetorical or histrionic power to represent them; and having no great (*i.e.*, no vivid) love of this world, whether riches, honour or anything else, and some firmness and natural dignity of character, take the profession of these upon me, as I might sing a tune which I like—loving the Truth, but not possessing it, for I believe myself at heart to be

nearly hollow. . . . I believe I have some faith, that is all. . . . I thought I had been very self-willed about the Tutorship affair and now I viewed my whole course as one of presumption. It struck me that the 5th of May was just at hand, which was a memorable day as being that on which (what we called) my ultimatum was sent to the Provost, and that on the third anniversary I should be lying on a sick-bed in a strange country. . . .'

This illness he always regarded as one of the 'turning-points' of his life, a phrase which is of frequent occurrence in Newman's autobiographical records. Life was for him a doubtful venture. We know that his mind was dominated by the intuitive consciousness of his Creator's existence which had been vouchsafed him, and of which he felt more certain than that 'he had hands and feet.' This consciousness he carried with him, not into the cloister, but into the world. Of what he saw when he looked at the world 'in its length and breadth,' and of the visible reflection of its Creator's presence which he wished to see and, save in his own conscience, failed to find, he has himself told us in his most memorable pages. 'The night was dark' and signs must be sought. Anything that seemed a providential direction was eagerly welcomed, and its memory preserved as of a landmark along a difficult road. It was from the same tendency that anniversaries assumed a special significance, and, as they grew in number with advancing years, were piously remembered.

He had written a good deal of religious poetry

throughout the voyage. On his way home his ship was becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio. There he composed the lines which, though known by heart to thousands who do not know so much as Newman's name, must needs be given in even the briefest record of his life.

'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

'I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

'So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.'

In the summer of 1833 he reached England. He had been, as he believed, providentially delivered from a great danger for a definite purpose, and these words were for him of no merely conventional significance. We must consider in the next chapter what manner of place was the Oxford on which he had already begun

to exercise a sway which, though not of long duration, was such as no one man has asserted since. Oxford was the place to which he was attached beyond any on earth, to which he dedicated some of his most eloquent pages, and to which his thoughts kept insistently returning long years after he had renounced its creed.

CHAPTER III

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

The Oxford of 1833 had one quality in which it excels the Oxford of to-day, that of beauty, a beauty of which we can gather some idea from the aquatints of Pugin and Mackenzie, with their subdued colour and cool spaciousness. Its ancient boundaries are indeed still plain to see, and we can, with some effort, think away the layers of mean streets and suburban villas by which it is now half-encircled. But, from within these boundaries, much ancient beauty has since vanished, and it is harder to visualise the details of the streets that met the gaze of the traveller from London after he had passed Magdalen bridge, narrower then, and thereby seeming to heighten the tower.

Oxford as he knew it was always in Newman's mind. He records with complacency that an eminent member of the University, whom he met on a stage-coach when the nineteenth century was in its teens, considered it was 'worth the consideration of the Government whether Oxford should not stand in a domain of its own. An ample range, say four miles in diameter, should be turned into wood and meadow, and the University should be approached on all sides by a magnificent park . . . with glimpses and views

of the fair city, as the traveller drew near it.' This excellent plan was unfortunately never realised, but the authorities of those days did their best. The Great Western Railway was kept away at the respectable distance of Didcot for some years, and it was not until quite recent times that, in its main thoroughfares, and even in the vacation, the city began to assume a resemblance to the London street called after its name.

The eighteenth century had not long ended its peaceful course when Newman came into residence, and, as is well known, its latter years marked the nadir of the University as a place of education. The fact of having lived for a certain number of years in a certain society constituted to all intents and purposes a title to a degree in that tolerant epoch; it was reserved for the nineteenth century to interpose the barrier of examinations. But—though indeed the best men took both—the barrier that had been erected even to an honours degree in Classics or in Mathematics was not formidable, and Natural Science was not regarded as being much more than an elegant amusement. This meant that the development of individual tastes, by those who had any, was nothing like so incompatible with a high place in the class-list as it is now. In other respects also things moved at a slower pace. In the comparative absence of football and cricket, athletic competition between colleges was confined to the river; walking, by which more intimate friendships were made than on the cricket or football field, was the recreation of the ordinary man who

could not afford to hunt; apart from the Union, which had only recently been started, the numerous and respectable modes of passing the time afforded by countless societies, outside interests and distinguished visitors had not been invented.

The University was still in effect a purely Church of England corporation, and the Fellows of Colleges were for the most part compelled to be in Holy Orders. Those who did not feel called to tuition or to study did nothing, save for some occasional clerical duty. Compared with their successors, they saw little of undergraduates unofficially. All alike were faced, after some years of College life, with the relentless alternative of a College living, generally combined with matrimony, or of finding a permanent substitute therefor in the College itself. Most fellowships were restricted to candidates from certain areas of the country; prudent parents, with an eye to the future and to St. Barnabas College would (it was not unknown) take the precaution of ensuring that a coming child who might be a boy should at any rate draw its first breath in the diocese of Barchester. The great College of which Newman was a Fellow had, however, led the van in a measure of reform. It had thrown its fellowships open, and, by so doing, had secured, as we have seen, the most distinguished body of men then existing in the University.

Oxford was, moreover, less representative of the various classes in the community than it had been in the preceding centuries, and, as is hardly necessary to say, infinitely less so than it is to-day. The sizarships,

which did at any rate provide opportunities for youths of humble circumstances to obtain a University education at the price of performing some menial duties, had been necessarily diverted from their original intention in consequence of a changed state of society, and nothing had arisen to supply their place. The matriculation test excluded not only the almost negligible remnant of Roman Catholics, but the far more numerous and active Dissenters. The horror of Newman and his friends at proposals for admitting the last-named to the University rested on a principle. But we are irresistibly reminded of Sydney Smith's contemporary picture of the Archbishop of Canterbury dining in Lambeth Palace, and fenced in by 'the domestics of the prelacy with swords and bag-wigs, round pig, turkey and venison, to defend, as it were, the orthodox gastronome from the fierce Unitarian, the fell Baptist, and all the famished children of Dissent.' None the less, their exclusive character did not prevent Oxford and Cambridge from bulking more largely in the public eye than they do now. Partly because of the importance of the National Church of which they were organs, partly because of their close connection with a narrow governing class, and partly because they had no competitors, they were, or could become, forces with which politicians had seriously to reckon. The parsons were their representatives in every parish in the kingdom, and could rally in their hosts from Plumstead Episcopi, Eiderdown, and Stogpingum when SirRobert Peel had proposed the revolutionary measure of enfranchising

Roman Catholics. For the reason that the Church was the State in its religious and moral aspects, not only were appointments to the higher offices of the Church canvassed with the widest interest, but theological opinions retained something of the political importance that attached to them in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In spite, however, of its great national importance, Oxford was necessarily less 'in touch with' the outside world at a time when railways hardly existed, and North Oxford was not. Celibate members of common rooms had accordingly all the more time to devote to their own affairs and those of one another. On exciting occasions, such as Newman and his friends were about to provide, this self-contained society could flare up into a spirit of faction which fell short only in physical expression of that displayed by an ancient Greek or mediæval Italian city. Taking it as a whole, a more congenial soil for a 'movement' it would be hard to imagine.

Against this compact citadel of Church, State and University insurgent forces had begun to beat. The admission of Dissenters to Parliament which the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts had rendered possible, and the emancipation of the Roman Catholics in 1829, filled the clergy with a panic which came from a well-grounded anticipation that the Church of England was to lose its hitherto unchallenged predominance. The opposition of the Bishops to the Reform Bill had aroused deep resentment in the industrial workers, not that the mass of them—who lived under material conditions which can hardly be

imagined to-day—were in fact appreciably benefited by its passage into law. In Bristol the episcopal palace was burned down. When Whateley reached Birmingham on his way to Ireland, he was surrounded by an ugly looking mob, who rubbed the mud off the coat of arms on the family carriage, and, fortunately for the Archbishop himself, failed to find a mitre. Incidents such as these intensified in Newman a hatred and fear of democracy which remained with him all his life.

As a social force, the Church had been strengthened during the earlier years of the century by the reaction against the French Revolution and all it stood for. 'Statesmen saw its absurdity, holy men were shocked by its impiety, mercantile men saw its effects on the five per cents., everybody was revolted by its cruelty.'[1] While the position of the clergy, as a conservative element in the national life, had thus been temporarily enhanced, they had thereby lost touch with the reforming spirit of the succeeding generation. They now stood dumbfounded at the ferment which was working around them. In 1831, according to Mozley, 'Every party, every interest, political and religious, in the country was pushing its claim to universal acceptance, with the single exception of the Church of England, which was folding its robes to die with what decency it could. . . . A thousand projectors screamed from a thousand platforms, and England was dinned with philanthropy and revolution, spirituality and reform.' The optimism of the Whigs was beginning

[1] Bagehot, *Literary Studies*, I, p. 8 (Everyman edition).

to find an emphatic exponent in Macaulay, who genuinely believed that a widening of the franchise and an increase in industrial wealth would bring the New Jerusalem in sight. Society was at length awakening to the fact that voluntary effort was insufficient to civilise the urban barbarism to which the Industrial Revolution had given birth. The years from 1832 to 1835 witnessed, not only the Reform Bill, but the first serious attempt to mitigate the conditions under which women and children worked in factories; the Reform of the Poor Law; the first State Grant for popular education—all these measures embodying the new principle that the State rather than the Church was concerned to protect those who could not protect themselves. Modern England had begun. But against political democracy, against education divorced from dogmatic religion, against the doctrine that the State, as such, was not concerned to uphold any one form of religious belief, against any extravagant hopes from free discussion or mechanical invention, Newman steadily set his face. Down to his death in 1890 he remained a Tory of 1832, constant to an impossible loyalty. 'Since 1832,' he wrote to a friend in his last years, 'I have no politics.'

The Education grant, in particular, was before long to challenge the Church in the sphere in which it had hitherto reigned supreme. 'Let the soldier be abroad if he will; he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his

primer, against the soldier in full military array;' this lively illustration of the vanity of human prediction had been uttered by Lord Brougham in 1828. For the adult population, great hopes were based on Mechanics' Institutes and on 'the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.' Many old homes can still show volumes, such as the *Penny Magazine*, which embodied these aspirations in double columns and hideous woodcuts. The great strides which were being made by Natural Science, especially in its applications to industry, encouraged high expectations of the moralising influence its study might exert on 'the masses.' Biology was still awaiting Darwin, but Faraday, Davy and Stephenson were household words. The versatile Lord Brougham inspired a whole school of writers, of which that once popular but now forgotten work, *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, was a characteristic product. Some of the leading men of the time were fond of giving public expression to this not ungenerous enthusiasm. One such occasion—to anticipate a little—elicited from Newman a series of letters to *The Times*[1] which led the proprietors of that journal to offer him a post on the staff at a very high salary. They contain the most trenchant criticism to be found in his writings, and probably in the English language, of the idea of a purely secular education.

The occasion was as follows. Sir Robert Peel, when Prime Minister, was called upon to open a reading room in Tamworth, his constituency. He

[1] Reprinted under the title of 'The Tamworth Reading Room' in *Discussions and Arguments*.

improved the opportunity by delivering a speech on the elevating effects of the study of physical science, which, after an interval of eighty years during which Thackeray has written, cannot but suggest an irreverent comparison with an address delivered to a similar audience by Sir Barnes Newcome on the 'Poetry of the Domestic Affections.' Newman retorted by denying both the efficacy of the instrument for the purpose proposed, and the probability of its appealing to the labouring classes 'for instance in a severe winter, snow on the ground, glass falling, bread rising, coal at 20*d.* the cwt., and no work.' There was only too much reason to fear that the 'keen,' not to say 'ecstatic' pleasures of intellectual pursuit and conquest 'would find themselves outbid by gratifications much closer at hand and on a level with the meanest capacity.' In any event, improvement must come from within rather than from without. Taking a line which he was subsequently to develop with great power in another application, he criticised severely the idea that improvement was likely to result from a passive exposure of the mind, or rather the ears, to entertaining lectures. To suggest more hopeful methods of extending secular education to those who work chiefly with their hands, such as we see in operation to-day, Newman was not now or at any time concerned; the pioneer work in that field was done by a different school from his. On the present occasion, the undenominational character of the channels through which the benefits were to percolate aroused his scorn, as did, more reasonably as it seems

to us, the idea that contemplation of the wonders of the natural order would necessarily promote the acceptance of a supernatural religion :—

'People say to me, that it is but a dream to suppose that Christianity should regain the organic power in human society which once it possessed. I cannot help it; I never said it could. I am not a politician; I am proposing no measures, but exposing a fallacy, and resisting a pretence. Let Benthamism reign, if men have no aspirations; but do not tell them to be romantic and then solace them with glory; do not attempt by philosophy what was once done by religion. The ascendancy of Faith may be impracticable, but the reign of knowledge is incomprehensible. The problem of a statesman of this age is how to educate the masses, and Literature and Science cannot give the solution. . . . Science gives us the grounds or premises from which religious truths can be inferred, but it does not set about inferring them, much less does it reach the inference; that is not its province. It brings before us phenomena, and it leaves us, if we will, to call them works of design, wisdom or benevolence; and further still, if we will, to proceed to confess an Intelligent Creator. We have to take its facts, and to give them a meaning, and to draw our own conclusions from them. First comes Knowledge, then a view, then reasoning, then belief. This is why Science has so little of a religious tendency; deductions have no power of persuasion. The heart is commonly reached, not through the reason, but through the imagination, by means of direct impressions, of the testimony of facts and events, by history, by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, looks subdue us, deeds inflame us. Many a man

will live and die upon a dogma: no man will be a martyr for a conclusion.'

Again:—

'Life is not long enough for a religion of inferences; we shall never have done beginning, if we determine to begin with proof. We shall ever be laying our foundations; we shall turn theology into evidences, and divines into textuaries. We shall never get at our first principles. Resolve to believe nothing, and you must prove your proofs and analyze your elements, sinking farther and farther, and finding "in the lowest depth a lower deep," till you come to the broad broom of scepticism. I would rather be bound to defend the reasonableness of assuming that Christianity is true, than to demonstrate a moral governance from the physical world. Life is for action. If we insist on proofs for every thing, we shall never come to action: to act you must assume, and that assumption is faith.'

In this very characteristic passage Newman reminds us, as often, of Pascal. *Oui, mais il faut parier: cela n'est pas volontaire; vous êtes embarqué, et ne point parier que Dieu est, c'est parier qu'il n'est pas. Lequel choisirez vous donc?*

The Reform movement soon began to touch the Church directly, though the two Universities were to be spared for another twenty years. In 1833 some extremely superfluous bishoprics of the Established Church of Ireland were prospectively suppressed, and that by a Parliament which now included an infusion of Dissenters. All but a Liberal minority of the

Church regarded this measure as an insult and a challenge. Keble saw in it a symptom of National Apostasy, and, for all his shyness, not lacking courage, preached a sermon on that topic just after Newman's return from abroad. Newman always kept the day of Keble's sermon as the birthday of the Oxford Movement.

This political event, working on susceptible material, was thus the occasion, though not the cause, of the chief religious movement which occurred in nineteenth-century England. Signs of a High Church revival had already appeared in the home of traditional theology; a renewed attention was being devoted to early Christian history of which Newman's own studies were a manifestation; and it only needed a crisis such as had occurred to bring this revival to a head. A campaign against 'Liberalism' had already taken shape in Newman's mind, and he was employing a remarkable prescience as an examiner for College fellowships in securing men who might be helpful to that end. It was not, however, an Oxford but a Cambridge man who was the first to attempt to organise a concerted resistance on the part of the Church, viz. the Rev. H. J. Rose, a learned and influential divine. With that end in view, Rose invited to his rectory at Hadleigh a party of like-minded men. Newman and Keble, who entertained a very just opinion that living movements do not come of committees, did not accept Rose's invitation. Nor did they place much faith in an 'Association of Friends of the Church,' which was formed immediately after-

wards at Oxford. An appeal calculated to move individuals must, they thought, come straight from individuals. They preferred accordingly to proceed by way of short and incisive manifestos to be issued at frequent intervals by independent writers of similar though not necessarily identical views. These *Tracts for the Times by Members of the University of Oxford* (1833–1841), as anyone will see who turns over the forgotten volumes into which they are bound, were singularly unlike the publications more generally associated with that name, and, before they ended, grew into regular theological treatises.

Of the band of high-minded and able men who thus set themselves to revivify the Church of England and, in so doing, to arm it against an encroaching State, Newman, though by no means the most important member at the start, was bound before very long to be recognised as the master mind. It is, however, important to note that he was, in point of origin and antecedents, not quite the same as the others. Of foreign descent in part, half Calvinist by upbringing, he had not such deep roots in hereditary English life and sentiment as had men who, like Froude, Rose, Keble or, later, Pusey, came of old country or clerical families. Nor, we may add, when the original group had grown in power and numbers, did he ever show himself a managing leader, or one proficient in the arts of the party organiser. The line which he applied to St. Gregory Nazianzen has also been applied to himself: 'Thou couldst a people raise, but couldst not rule.'

The object of the Tracts is stated in the Advertisement prefixed to the first bound volume as follows:—

'The following tracts were published with the object of contributing something towards the practical revival of doctrines which, although held by the great divines of our Church, at present have become obsolete with the majority of her members. . . . The Apostolic succession, the Holy Catholic Church, were principles of action in the minds of our predecessors of the 17th century . . . but in proportion as the maintenance of the Church has been secured by law . . . a lamentable increase of sectarianism has followed. . . . They [the authors] believe that nothing but these neglected doctrines, faithfully preached, will repress that extension of Popery for which the ever-multiplying divisions of the religious world are too clearly preparing the way.'

It is plain that the sole intention was to revive the spirit and the tradition of the National Church, and, for that purpose, to recur to the source provided by the standard national divines.

This religious appeal was thus the exact opposite to that which the eighteenth century had witnessed. It was utterly undemocratic, being addressed solely to the educated classes, and primarily to the clergy. Among these classes, the field had, in part, been prepared for it by the literary revival of the preceding generation. In an article[1] written when the movement was at its height, Newman himself instanced the literary influence of Scott, Southey and Wordsworth, and the

[1] Reprinted in *Essays Critical and Historical*, and entitled *Position and Prospects of the Anglican Church*.

philosophic influence of Coleridge, as embodying 'a reaction from the dry and superficial character of the religious teaching and literature of the preceding age.' As regards one aspect of Romanticism, Scott had, of course, familiarised the reading public with a conventional and scenic presentation of mediæval life. The Catholic historian Lingard had also done a good deal to awaken a juster appreciation of an epoch vaguely referred to as 'the Dark Ages.' The most obvious manner in which general taste had been affected was seen in the revived interest in Gothic architecture which had preceded the Oxford Movement and was quite independent of it. Originally the product of eighteenth-century sentimentalism, it is to Horace Walpole, a source considerably removed from ancient Christianity, as much as to any one person that its beginning may be traced; and, early in the nineteenth century, the more intelligent type of antiquarianism represented by Britton, the elder Pugin, Rickman and others had begun to be occupied with the subject. Poetry had also, as we have seen, recently been engaged with the Church of England; Newman later asserted that the Oxford Movement was due to the impulse provided by the *Christian Year*. It is just worth noting that, while giving Wordsworth credit for 'philosophic meditation,' he does not mention the same poet's Ecclesiastical Sonnets; Wordsworth was now coming into his long-deferred heritage, and even that portion of his works was presumably being read with the rest. In his preface to these sonnets, Wordsworth refers to Southey's project of

writing a history of the Church *in* England and to the question of Catholic Emancipation as having turned his mind to the past history of the Church. Though unimpeachably Protestant in tone, and manifesting due abhorrence of the 'supremacy of crafty Rome,' Wordsworth dwells with some affection on the picturesque aspects of Mediæval Christianity. As regards Coleridge, Newman states that he 'laid a philosophical basis for Church feelings and opinions,' but it would be interesting to have heard more on this subject. Coleridge in 1833 still 'sate on the brow of Highgate hill,' though his voice was about to cease. The actual extent to which his dispersive and pervasive genius actually affected the thought of his contemporaries during the period of his life that succeeded the decline of his poetic faculty is difficult to ascertain. The books which he produced during this period—*Aids to Reflection*, *Lay Sermons*, *Church and State* and the rest—no doubt had their influence, and the effect of his 'conversation' on the younger men who sat reverently at his feet was probably no less influential.[1] Inquiring minds, if they chanced to find the sage in an ecclesiastical mood, could hear

[1] H. D. Traill concludes that Coleridge's influence during these years was not wide and has been exaggerated (*Coleridge*, p. 205). But it is difficult to reconcile this with the contemporary testimony of Carlyle. Coleridge's prose works were hard to procure in 1837 (*Pattison Memoirs*, p. 164), which must mean that they had sold, if not enough to demand a reprint. In the thirties of the last century Coleridge's influence (and, largely through him, that of Wordsworth) was more powerful at Cambridge than Oxford. This is stated by Martineau (*Personal Influences in our Present Theology*) to have been due to the influence of Julius Hare.

him discourse for hours on the Idea of a National Church, on a permanent nationalised learned order of clergy as an essential element of a rightly constituted state, for which neither tract societies, nor Lancasterian schools, nor lecture bazaars under the absurd name of Universities [*i.e.*, London University] could be a substitute; on the plebification as distinct from the popularisation of Science, and so on, until his listeners, losing him finally in the Absolute Subjectivity and the Speculative Reason, proceeded to form 'subsidiary humming groups of their own.' At the end of the wonderful description of Coleridge table-talking which forms one of the chapters of the *Life of Sterling*, Carlyle witnesses to two matters of interest in the present connection; first, that Coleridge had a 'higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character,' secondly, that he procreated 'spectral Puseyisms [1] and ecclesiastical chimæras, which now roam the earth in a very lamentable manner.'

Although it became, in some sort, a continuation in the religious sphere of that awakening of the human spirit which is called the Romantic revival, and was, in its progress, to display some of that revival's obvious characteristics, there was nothing romantic, sentimental or æsthetic in the origin or the beginnings of the Oxford Movement. Newman at any rate was quite indifferent to 'the last enchantments of the Middle Age.' Even later, when a mediævalising

[1] The adherents of the Oxford Movement were called Puseyites because the earliest of the Tracts that was not anonymous was signed with Pusey's initials, and, at that time, Pusey was better known than any of the others.

tendency had set in, it was the mediæval conception of holiness alone which attracted him; no mediæval work will be found in the list of books recommended to the perusal of the readers of the Tracts. Newman tells us again that he had not read a word of Coleridge before 1835, and that, when he did read Coleridge, he was astonished to see how much of himself he found there. None of the Tractarians were 'literary men'; they made it a point of honour to avoid literary as well as other forms of display; Newman in particular was never tired of denouncing 'smart and superficial writing.' As regards foreign influences, the movement has no traceable connection with the French neo-Catholic revival that had a little preceded it—the revival that is in its various phases associated with the names of De Maistre, Lammenais, and Lacordaire. The Continental Movement was inspired more by political and general than by doctrinal interests, and appealed to the past history and present existence of the Catholic Church as a bulwark against social disintegration. The motive of the Oxford reformers was purely doctrinal, and their efforts were directed to reviving the dogmatic and ceremonial life of the English Church.

The movement which the Tracts inaugurated was thus purely ecclesiastical and purely insular. Newman's own interests were becoming almost exclusively theological; he never seems to have had more than an ordinary acquaintance with literature; nor do his Classical attainments appear to have been anything out of the common. He had, indeed, a keen literary

appreciation of such Greek and Latin books as were of necessity familiar to an Oxford tutor of those days, and, as we shall see, he professed to have founded his own style largely on Cicero. His favourite classical poet was apparently Virgil, on whom he has a pregnant sentence: 'Perhaps this is the reason of the mediæval opinion about Virgil, as of a prophet or magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every age.' But Lucian [1] is 'infamous' for having attacked 'an established religion.' It was not from classical literature or philosophy, but from the very different source provided by the Christian Fathers, that Newman drew most of his inspiration.

A mass of writing, pamphlets, octavos, quartos, historical, doctrinal, devotional, was produced or inspired by the Tractarian School in their efforts to revivify the Anglican Church and to place it on a reasoned historical and doctrinal basis, nor was their output restricted to prose. Verse, some of it graceful, was written by Faber, Isaac Williams and others; we need not, however, take serious exception to Bagehot's remark in this connection about 'translating the weaker portions of Wordsworth's poetry into the speech of women.' Though the movement comprised no lack of serviceable writers who had been brought up in the excellent academic prose tradition of the time, such literary importance as it possesses is derived entirely from Newman himself.

[1] *Arians, etc.*, Chapter I, sect. 3.

Newman's own poetry, or most of it, certainly does not fall under Bagehot's condemnation. Verse, however, was not his natural mode of expression; his moments of real inspiration in this medium are not numerous; even when expressing his own emotions he moves, except indeed for the immortal *Lead Kindly Light*, more easily in prose. It seems that, for the poetical treatment of Christian dogma and mystery, a stronger and rarer poetic gift is required than that which he possessed, nor would he in any case have regarded the subject as appropriate to the unembarrassed exercise of poetic imagination. Apart from the much later *Dream of Gerontius*, one of the two or three best pieces to be found in the volume of Newman's collected verse is the following reminiscence of a Greek chorus, entitled 'The Elements,' and composed at sea a few days after the famous hymn. Fine in itself, it foreshadows the full measure of inspiration which was to descend on him long afterwards:—

'Man is permitted much
To scan and learn
In Nature's frame;
Till he well-nigh can tame
Brute mischief, and can touch
Invisible things, and turn
All warring ills to purposes of good.
Thus, as a god below,
He can control,
And harmonize, what seems amiss to flow
As sever'd from the whole
And dimly understood.

'But o'er the elements
One Hand alone
One Hand has sway.
What influence day by day
In straiter belt prevents
The impious Ocean, thrust
Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore?
Or who has eye to trace
How the Plague came?
Foreseen the doublings of the Tempest's race?
Or the Air's weight and flame
On a set scale explore?

'Thus God has will'd
That man, when fully skill'd
Still gropes in twilight dim;
Encompass'd all his hours
By fearfullest powers
Inflexible to him.
That so he may discern
His feebleness,
And e'en for earth's success
To him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home,
Earth and the world to come.'

As regards Newman's occasional literary work about this time, we shall not find much to interest us in the articles which he contributed to various journals. Some essays dealing with the lives and times of certain Fathers of the Church are contained in the second series of his *Historical Sketches*. Their purpose is not hagiographical; they are genuine biographies, and two of the later sketches, those on St. John Chrysostom

and Theodoret, contain some fine character sketches. But there is no need to deal with these at length; the subject-matter is too remote; and some of them bear the appearance of fragments of a larger work. His style, moreover, was not so well adapted for historical narrative, or at any rate for the historical essay, as for most other purposes. Rapid narrative and a decisive enforcement of points are the salt of this last form of writing, and Newman, though he could exhibit these qualities on occasion, tended to move slowly when not immediately conscious of an opponent or of an audience. Mention must be made, however, of one amusing review which he wrote in these years, showing his holy hatred of the eighteenth century, and the refined ridicule which he could bring to bear on the more uncouth manifestations of its great religious movement. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was a woman of a goodness and self-sacrifice which Newman fully recognised, but circumstances not unconnected with her noble birth and noble marriage had elevated her into the position of a sort of female Pope over Whitefield and his followers. Man is doubtless born to obey as well as to command, and if he discards the authority of Bishops, will bow down to idols of mere flesh and blood, especially, in the words of the book under review, to 'cadets of illustrious families.' Newman permitted himself a regret that one of the Countess' subjects, who was capable of riding a hundred miles and preaching ten or twelve sermons a week, could, in correspondence with her, discuss his matrimonial inclinations in a

style of which the following is a sample: 'Eight or nine years ago, having been grievously tormented with housekeepers, I truly had thoughts of looking out for a Jezebel myself. But it seemed highly needful to ask advice of the Lord. So falling on my knees before a table, with a Bible between my hands, I besought the Lord to give me a direction. Then letting the Bible fall open of itself, etc.' Apart from gentlemen of this kind, who were admittedly, in the good eighteenth-century phrase, 'buffoon and fanatic,' other, and more superficially attractive, aspects of that easy-going time pleased Newman even less. A certain Bishop had, it appears, been in the habit of 'befriending a poor man who was a regular attendant at his Cathedral. After a while he missed his humble auditor, and meeting him, said, "John, how is it I do not see you in the aisle as usual?" John, with some hesitation replied, "My Lord, I hope you will not be offended, and I will tell you the truth; I went the other day to hear the Methodists, and I understood their plain words so much better that I have attended them ever since." The Bishop put his hand into his pocket and gave him a guinea, with words to this effect: "God bless you, and go where you can receive the most profit to your soul."' 'No one,' Newman comments, 'can complain of Bishop Hurd on the score of his not enunciating a broad principle, but how it consists with that other principle on which he was Bishop of Worcester does not appear.'

But we must return to the Tracts. One of their objects was to startle the clergy, an object in which

they were perfectly successful. Newman, a great admirer of Jane Austen, regretted that her parsons lacked the one 'true Catholic ethos,' and Mr. Collins, Mr. Elton and Mr. Tilney, who would be by this time no longer young, doubtless showed this deficiency when they were confronted by a curate who had been bitten with a strange enthusiasm, or when they found on the breakfast tables of their comfortable rectories documents investing them with attributes which they had never thought of claiming. Mrs. Proudie was not yet ruling the diocese of Barchester, but, if she had been, she would have read with mixed feelings the aspiration as regards the fate of Bishops, expressed by Newman in the first Tract: 'We could not wish them a more blessed termination of their career than the spoiling of their goods and martyrdom.' The circulation of the Tracts gradually spread. By 1835 or 1836 the world outside Oxford began to take notice of a movement which, by its insistence that the nation's hope lay in the influence of a National Church reformed on primitive models as to doctrine and discipline, embodied a flat and not very intelligible contradiction to prevailing enthusiasms. An important, and to Newman an unwelcome, consequence followed; he was forced to assume the leadership of what was now becoming a party. His own wish was to work quietly, among a small circle of like-minded friends, learned men, disliking self-advertisement though desiring influence, distrustful of sudden enthusiasms, and too intent on great ecclesiastical principles to care about ecclesiastical millinery. They

were not the sort of men to suffer fools gladly, and, as the growing movement naturally attracted all sorts of people, they had to exercise self-denial in this respect. We cannot grudge it to Newman that, in his Oxford novel, *Loss and Gain*, he subsequently got a little of his own back on some of his nominal followers. A gentleman called Bateman, of the kind from whom leaders of 'movements' must always pray to be delivered, is explaining to the hero, Charles Reding, how he is brightening things up in his own parish.

'"Impossible, Bateman," he said; "you don't mean you wear your tailed French coat over your long straight cassock reaching to your ankles?"

'"Certainly," said Bateman gravely; "I thus consult for warmth and appearance too; and all my parishioners are sure to know me. I think this a great point, Miss Reding; I hear the little boys as I pass say, 'That's the parson.'"

'"I'll be bound they do," said Charles.

'"Well," said Mrs. Reding, surprised out of her propriety, "did one ever hear the like!"

'Bateman looked round at her, startled and frightened.

'"You were going to speak of your improvements in your church," said Mary, wishing to divert his attention from her mother.

'"Ah, true, Miss Reding, true," said Bateman, "thank you for reminding me; I have digressed to improvements in my own dress. I should have liked to have pulled down the galleries and lowered the high pews; that, however, I could not do. So I have lowered the pulpit some six feet. Now, by doing so, first I give a pattern in my person of the

kind of condescension or lowliness to which I would persuade my people. But this is not all; for the consequence of lowering the pulpit is, that no-one in the galleries can see or hear me preach; and this is a bonus on those who are below."

'"It's a broad hint, certainly," said Charles.

'"But it's a hint for those below also," continued Bateman; "for no-one can see or hear me in the pews either, till the sides are lowered."

'"One thing only is wanting besides," said Charles, smiling and looking amiable, lest he should be saying too much; "since you are full tall, you must kneel when you preach, Bateman, else you will undo your own alterations."

'Bateman looked pleased. "I have anticipated you," he said. "I preach sitting. It is more conformable to antiquity and to reason to sit than to stand."

'"With these precautions," said Charles, "I really think you might have ventured on your surplice in the pulpit every Sunday. Are your parishioners contented?"

'"Oh, not at all, far from it," cried Bateman; "but they can do nothing. The alteration is so simple."

'"Nothing besides?" asked Charles.

'"Nothing in the architectural way," answered he; "but one thing more in the way of observances. I have fortunately picked up a very fair copy of Jewell, black-letter; and I have placed it in church, securing it with a chain to the wall, for any poor person who wishes to read it. Our church is emphatically the 'poor man's church,' Mrs. Reding."

'"Well," said Charles to himself, "I'll back the old parsons against the young ones any day, if this is to be their cut."'

The party before long became a militant organisation. Being pledged to enforce their conception of the Anglican Church in the face of indifference or opposition, the Tractarians were naturally concerned to keep a watchful eye on appointments made by the State to positions of importance in the Church. A test case presented itself. The Government appointed to the Regius Professorship of Divinity in the University a noted Liberal divine, Dr. R. D. Hampden, and the Tractarians, allied for once with the Evangelicals, flew to arms. Meetings were convened in Oxford and a public protest was made. A paper war ensued.

The path of exclusion which the Oxford reformers had taken was not the only remedy proposed for the parlous position of the Church of England; the path of comprehension had some distinguished advocates. Dr. Arnold, for example, whose views on this question were transmitted in an even wilder form to his son, had urged that the boundaries of the Church of England should be widened to include all protestant Dissenters, except Unitarians. As regards the University, his opinions were not only practicable, but were far in advance of those of the majority of his order. He lamented the confined atmosphere of Oxford and the fact that it neither influenced nor was influenced by the living ideas of the age. He saw clearly that, owing to this aloofness, movements of thought which had grown up outside, such as Utilitarianism, inevitably assumed a narrower and harsher tone by reason of their exclusion from the natural homes of intellectual comparison and adjustment.

The attitude of the Tractarians on the Hampden question roused the wrath, not only of the man, but of the Headmaster. 'If it were merely an intellectual error,' he wrote, 'it should be confuted indeed firmly and plainly, but still with all *tenderness to the persons* of those who have held it. But the attack on Dr. Hampden bears upon it the character not of error but of *moral wickedness*.' [1]

Like many other good men, Newman also had a temper. In this connection, mention must be made of his brother's *Contributions chiefly to the Earlier History of the Late Cardinal Newman* (1891). It is not a nice book. The comment is well known which it elicited from Cardinal Manning, an extremely shrewd if unfriendly judge, who, however, had more personal intercourse with Newman in earlier than in later life. Having read it, he remarked that it was the outcome of a most unenviable state of mind,—but 'if you ask me whether it is *like* our dear friend, it is a photograph, a photograph.' It certainly bears the stamp of truth on it so far as it goes, but then it goes a very little way, and, short as it is, is partly concerned with the Professor's own opinions on various matters. Most important among what are called 'the painful phenomena in the late Cardinal's character' is his intolerance. This intolerance was, naturally enough, more visible in Newman when he was younger than when he was older, and was especially visible during these years of combat. In his earliest book

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, LXIII, 238. The preceding statement of Dr. Arnold's views is, I think, a fair inference from this article.

he had expressed the opinion that mediæval measures were appropriate to heresiarchs; however, as he subsequently and most unnecessarily confessed, an *auto-da-fé* actually and in fact would have been too much for him. Like most men of strong convictions, he had his quarrels, now and hereafter, in the Anglican and in the Roman Church. The friendship of men such as Pusey, Keble and Church, whose differences from himself could be taken for granted, he retained unimpaired.

Newman had certainly by this time ceased to be 'pusillanimous,' if he ever had been. A priest in the early thirties, he took Whateley, now a middle-aged Archbishop, severely to task for acquiescing in the reduction of the Irish Church Establishment, or, as he put it, 'in the extinction, without ecclesiastical sanction, of half her candlesticks.' Newman's zeal for the principle involved is quite unaffected by any consideration of the circumstances of Ireland at the time, and, more particularly, of the quality of the candles that were filling the said candlesticks. The Irish Protestant Bishops, mostly 'cadets of illustrious families,' exemplified the point of a famous discourse preached by an English prelate who had not been very long dead: 'the wisdom and goodness of God shown in having made some rich and others poor.' Living on great revenues amidst an alien and poverty-stricken population, two of them, as Newman himself tells us in another connection, left the scarcely Apostolic fortunes of £500,000 apiece. The pity of it was, that the friendship between Newman and Whateley

went the way of other friendships in that age. 'As to poor Whateley,' wrote Newman in 1833, 'it is melancholy. Of course to know him now is quite impossible, yet he has so many good qualities that it is impossible also not to feel for him. I fear his love of applause, popularity, etc., has been his snare; for a man more void of what are commonly called selfish ends does not exist.' It should, however, be added that when Newman made overtures to Whateley in later years, it was Whateley who drew back. Newman, as need scarcely be said, entertained the gravest doubts about the position of Dr. Arnold, but Dr. Arnold came to have none whatever about that of Newman. 'It is clear to me,' said the Headmaster of Rugby, 'that Newman and his party are idolaters.' Keble is reported by Newman's brother to have addressed in these words a Rugby master who had voted on the wrong side: 'You have sacrificed at the altar of Jupiter, and I renounce your friendship from this day.' 'The work of Satan' is how an evangelical Bishop described the movement later. Such was the atmosphere in which Newman's controversial powers were fostered. In the University itself party spirit was becoming acute; the harmony of any gathering was liable to sudden disturbance by an irruption of the burning question of the day; and the peacemakers, who tried the effect of little dinners on these unhappy differences, were faced with a hopeless task.

'From beginnings so small,' as Newman says, 'from elements of thought so fortuitous, with prospects so unpromising, the Anglo-Catholic party sud-

denly became a power in the National Church, and an object of alarm to her rulers and friends.' But it was in Oxford itself that the movement's effect was most thoroughly felt and most clearly seen. Men who were just of the age when the mind awakens to a sense of the organic connection of the present and the past, and were congregated in an appropriate setting, saw the doctrines and practices of a bygone age revivified into living issues, and debated by the keenest minds. Few who had any serious interests could remain entirely unaffected by a movement which had such close affinities with History, Literature and Art. The man reading for Orders saw the Church of England, which had hitherto seemed to him as unquestionable a thing as the British Constitution, scrutinised in a new light, and returned home with a new vocabulary, of which 'principles' and 'development' were leading terms. St. Vincent of Lerins, with his canon, 'quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus' came to be on many lips: St. Meletius, St. Methodius, the Nestorian and Monophysite bodies in the East, were discussed by the inner circle. Everyone who thought of anything seems to have been talking theology about 1838, for or against the Tractarians. We read, in what is obviously a reliable record of these days,[1] a story about a proctor who had incurred unpopularity with a section of the University owing to his ecclesiastical opinions. Getting mixed up, in his official capacity, with a 'Town

[1] *To Rome and Back* (1873), by the Rev. J. M. Capes—to which I am indebted in more than one place.

and Gown ' row, he is assisted by an unsophisticated undergraduate, to whom he subsequently presents an ancient doctrinal work which had been disinterred by the Tractarians. The existing interest in mediæval architecture received the strongest impetus, of which a visible token remains in the Gothic churches, vicarages and schools which arose amid the new and raw industrialism of the larger towns. The weaker brethren, in spite of a marked absence of encouragement from their nominal leader, explored the possibilities of ecclesiastical appurtenances generally, and became learned in albs, dalmatics, copes, chasubles and croziers. Many naturally found it more interesting to postpone ' these solid studies which conduce to success in after life ' to a consideration of more exciting matters. In any case, the absence of the numerous competing interests which have grown up since allowed of all the more time to discuss whether or not the Church of England was part of the true Church in afternoon walks to Islip or Cumnor, and to resume the adjourned debate after Hall dinner, which was fixed at an earlier time then than now.

The earlier history of the Oxford Movement has been written once for all, and with every virtue of judgment, feeling and style, by Dean Church. It was, as we have seen, a religious movement pure and simple; other aims, whether philanthropic or literary, it had none, at least in direct intention. Academic in its beginning, ' made up,' as someone has said, ' out of books,' the original message was not addressed to the body of English people, nor did it win them.

But, on a narrower circle, its effect was profound indeed, and its occasional eccentricities were but as straws in the wind. The sacrifice made by those men who, in joining the Roman Catholic Church eighty years ago, gave up every worldly prospect for what they held to be the truth, shines out from the record of ecclesiastical animosities by which its progress was accompanied. Nor was theological controversy of the essence of the Movement: it broke the scholastic mould in which it was cast. Owing mainly to the genius of Newman it became, though less wide in its appeal or in its effects, as genuine a spiritual awakening as that heralded by St. Francis in the thirteenth century or by Wesley in the eighteenth. It is beside the mark to wonder at the apparent unconcern with which Newman saw, if he did see, the material conditions under which masses of his fellow-countrymen were compelled to live at that dark period of our history, or at the coldness with which he viewed the first slight ameliorative activities of the State. The Tractarians were academic clergymen, with a message primarily to their own order; it is useless to criticise them, as they have been criticised, for not being something else. The incontrovertible fact remains that, for many who came under Newman's spell, religion became invested with a new austerity and a new beauty. There were men who saw visions and dreamed dreams during those years which they never forgot so long as they lived.

CHAPTER IV

NEWMAN AS A PREACHER—*DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE*—RECEPTION INTO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

We need not concern ourselves with the elaborate works which Newman produced during his earlier life, *The Arians* (1833), of which mention has already been made, the *Prophetical Office of the Church* (1837), and the *Lectures on Justification* (1838). In the *Prophetical Office*, Newman is concerned to uphold the Church of England as against 'Romanism' on the one hand and 'Popular Protestantism' on the other, and the book shows the qualities of his mind and style in a developed form. It marks the beginning of the controversial career which was to foster in him an extraordinary subtlety of expression, and, within limits, an extraordinary subtlety of thought. First endeavouring to vindicate his conception of the Anglican Church from opposite poles of exaggeration, and, later on, endeavouring to import into its formularies as much as they could bear of a then unfamiliar body of doctrine, he acquired a habit of drawing fine distinctions which he imparted to those who came under his influence. To take one eminent example, both Lecky and Morley attribute the casuistical quality of Gladstone's mind in part to his association with the Tractarians.

Although Newman's earlier works as well as the *Tracts for the Times* are now largely obsolete, it is otherwise with the sermons he preached to his congregation at St. Mary's and before the University. Most of the teaching embodied in the academic discourses can be found developed in his later works; the more popular sermons are, however, recognised classics, not only of the pulpit, but also of the English language.

'Sermons,' said Mark Pattison, speaking of Oxford in the 'thirties, 'were the only public manifestations to which the teachers of all the arts and sciences committed themselves.' The pulpit was then a much more important institution of English life than it is to-day. The growth of a popular literature and of a consequent reading habit had indeed robbed it of something of the position which it enjoyed in the preceding century, when it must have provided many households with the major part, not only of their spiritual, but also of their mental sustenance. But preaching was still a seriously cultivated art in the first half of the nineteenth century, and not only in Universities and Cathedrals.

Newman had all the accidental qualities of a great preacher. He was, like most men who have wielded a similar power, unmarried—a missionary such as Wesley is no real exception to the rule—and, indeed, it must be confessed that the influence of a married preacher within his own circle may be diminished by the hostages he has offered not so much to fortune as to criticism. To this advantage Newman added those of an impressive manner, a noticeable if not com-

manding presence, and an exceedingly musical voice. The essential quality of a great preacher he also possessed, needless to say, in the most abundant measure, an intense conviction of the reality and of the supreme importance of his message. The word 'inspiration' has been rubbed smooth by conventional use, but can be applied to Newman in all its primitive energy of meaning. If, as appears, men do emerge at sundry times and in divers manners who are literally inspired, he assuredly belonged to this small but recognisable order. To the effect which he wrought on his hearers many testimonies remain. Matthew Arnold's description is well known, but that of Sir F. Doyle,[1] though not so poetical, is equally impressive.

'I do not know whether it is a mere fancy of mine, or whether those who know (Newman) better will accept and endorse my belief, that one element of his wonderful power showed itself after this fashion. He always began as if he had determined to set forth his idea of the truth in the plainest and simplest language —language, as men say, "intelligible to the meanest understanding." But his ardent zeal and fine poetical imagination were not thus to be controlled. As I hung upon his words, it seemed to me as if I could trace behind his will, and pressing, so to speak, against it, a rush of thoughts and feelings which he kept struggling to hold back, but in the end they were generally too strong for him, and poured themselves out in a torrent of eloquence all the more impetuous from having been

[1] Quoted by Dean Church, *Oxford Movement*, p. 125 (Macmillan & Co.).

so long repressed. The effect of these outbursts was irresistible, and carried his hearers beyond themselves at once. Even when his efforts at self-restraint were more successful, those very efforts gave a life and colour to his style which riveted the attention of all within the reach of his voice.'

Take J. A. Froude again, who is speaking of a passage in one particular sermon: [1]

'It was as if an electric stroke had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries.'

There is nothing topical or ephemeral in these sermons; they are concerned almost entirely with ultimate matters; nor can their simplest and most moving passages be quoted for purposes of literary illustration. Hell was as much a reality to Newman as Heaven; and a literal application of scriptural imagery, and also some remnants of Calvinistic teaching which they exhibit, lend them at times an appalling quality. They do not deal in general with the sort of temptations of which he was not likely to have had much personal experience. The apathy, the indecision and the perplexity of the individual he sees with the clearest vision and probes with the surest touch. The movement of the mass of men, the tumultuous life of great cities, he sees too, but at a greater distance. He approaches contemporary matters most nearly

[1] See 'The Oxford Counter-Reformation' in *Short Studies*, Fourth Series.

when he illustrates, as he was fond of doing, the distinction between specifically religious motives of action and those that may be supplied by education and civilisation, or when he deplores the eagerness to 'rise in the world' which an age of unprecedented industrial expansion had produced. Besides the fundamentals of the Christian faith, the mysteriousness of our present being, the solitariness of each individual soul, are some of the subjects upon which he dwells. The following very significant passage shows how lasting was the impression made upon him by the determining experiences of his youth:—

'To understand that we have souls, is to feel our separation from things visible, our independence of them, our distinct existence in ourselves, our individuality, our power of acting for ourselves, this way or that way, our accountableness for what we do. These are the great truths which lie wrapped up indeed even in a child's mind, and which God's grace can unfold there, in spite of the influence of the external world; but at first this outward world prevails. We look off from self to the things around us, and forget ourselves in them. Such is our state—a depending for support on the reeds which are no stay, and overlooking our real strength—at the time when God begins His process of reclaiming us to a truer view of our place in His great system of providence. And when He visits us, then in a little while there is a stirring within us. The unprofitableness and feebleness of the things of this world are forced upon our minds; they promise, but they cannot perform; they disappoint us. Or, if they do perform what they promise, still (so it is) they do not

satisfy us. We still crave for something, we do not well know what; but we are sure it is something which this world has not given us. And then its changes are so many, so sudden, so silent, so continual. It never leaves changing: it goes on to change till we are quite sick at heart: then it is that our reliance on it is broken. It is plain we cannot continue to depend upon it unless we keep pace with it, and go on changing too; but this we cannot do. We feel that while it changes we are one and the same; and thus under God's blessing we come to have some glimpse of the meaning of our independence of things temporal, and our immortality. And should it so happen that misfortunes come upon us (as they often do), then still more are we led to understand the nothingness of this world; then still more are we led to distrust it, and are weaned from the love of it, till at length it floats before our eyes merely as some idle veil, which, notwithstanding its many tints, cannot hide the view of what is beyond it; and we begin by degrees to perceive that there are but two beings in the whole universe, our own soul, and the God who made it.'

From anything like sensationalism Newman is restrained by taste and by sincerity alike. Reserved himself, he respects the reserve of others. He knew well that the half is greater than the whole, and that the prerogative of noble speech is at once to arouse and to control emotion.

As his powers matured, and his command over all the resources of our language increased, his sermons became more ample in style and more definitely oratorical in tone. The following extract from one of his latest Anglican discourses exemplifies his power of

rhetorical illustration. He is speaking of the operation of the Holy Spirit:—

'And most exactly have these figures, which He condescended to apply to Himself, been fulfilled in the course of the Dispensation; nay, even to this day. His operation has been calm, equable, gradual, far-spreading, over-taking, intimate, irresistible. What is so awfully silent, so mighty, so inevitable, so encompassing, as a flood of water? Fire alarms from the first: we see it, and we scent it; there is crashing and downfall, smoke and flame; it makes an inroad here and there; it is uncertain and wayward; but a flood is the reverse of all this. It gives no tokens of its coming; it lets men sleep through the night, and they wake and find themselves hopelessly besieged; prompt, secret, successful and equable; it preserves one level; it is everywhere; there is no refuge. And it makes its way to the foundations; towers and palaces rear themselves as usual; they have lost nothing of their perfection, and give no sign of danger, till at length suddenly they totter and fall. And here and there it is the same, as if by some secret understanding: for by one and the same agency the mighty movement goes on here and there and everywhere, and all things seem to act in concert with it, and to conspire together for their own ruin. And in the end they are utterly removed, and perish from off the face of the earth. Fire, which threatens more fiercely, leaves behind it relics and monuments of its agency; but water buries as well as destroys; it wipes off the memorial of its victims from the earth; it covers the chariot and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh, and sweeps them away; "the waters overwhelm them, there is not one of them left."'

When Newman had found at length his predestined home his style shows a corresponding expansion. An increased exuberance distinguishes the sermons he preached after his reception into the Roman Catholic Church, *e.g.*, *Discourses to Mixed Congregations* and *Sermons on Various Occasions*.

By 1838 Newman's reputation was at its height. He had become the most discussed figure in the University and a considerable power outside. He was pointed out to visitors and freshmen as he walked rather quickly along the streets of Oxford, thin, spectacled and pre-occupied. In his *rôle* of party leader he behaved himself conscientiously; he answered all his letters, and acquired an exemplary stock of patience with such bores as seemed sincere. He had come completely out of his shell by this time; the charm which generally attaches to a courteous, sensitive and reserved nature won him plenty of friends; he was a good talker, and he did not shun general intercourse. While using all his powers to enforce upon his readers and hearers more definite beliefs and a higher standard of personal religion, he seems to have made little attempt to indoctrinate undergraduates with his own particular theological opinions. He could not but upset many established ideas and convictions. None the less, a sensitive dislike of proselytising remained with him all his life. This sprang mainly from a deep sense of the soul's individuality and uniqueness, but also during his later Oxford period, from the fact that his own mind was becoming more and more unsettled. With the surface appearance of an active and pro-

minent member of the University, he had before this time begun to pay the penalty of genius by an increasing isolation of spirit. Question after question was surging in upon him, suggesting doubts which at first he kept strictly to himself, and at no time communicated to more than a very few.

Christianity, past and present, was a fact; its power to change men's hearts and wills was a matter of actual and present experience. It was a fact that certain dogmas were professed by the Church to which he belonged; indeed a religion without dogma was to him inconceivable. But so also was the 'all-corroding, all-dissolving' power of the human intellect a fact. For himself he had indeed his own sufficing inward witness of his Creator's existence, nor did he himself ever doubt the truth of the Christian Revelation. But what were the grounds on which belief in Christianity, not as an individual matter, but as a dogmatic and ecclesiastical system, could be intellectually justified and on which it could be defended against attacks? How, for example, were Hume's arguments on the evidence for Miracles to be answered? When did the Christian Church cease to work miracles, if it had ceased? On what authority, again, was based our belief in the Inspiration of the Scriptures? Both Catholics and Protestants appealed to the Bible, which by itself was clearly insufficient. But the Founder of Christianity had doubtless instituted a Church which was still under Divine guidance, commissioned to deal with human perplexities as they arose; and a living authority appeared to be especially needed 'in such a

world as this, at such a time as the present.' Was the Anglican Church that church, or an integral portion of it? What was its real relation to the church of the first centuries which Newman had been studying? Shortly after the year in which Newman himself tells us that his position in the Anglican Church had reached its height, a doubt began to gain on his mind as to the claims of that church to be part of the true Church as originally instituted. That doubt he was compelled by every natural motive to combat, and combat it he did during four or five years of increasing mental tension.

The Oxford authorities, as soon as they abandoned an indifference similar to that which their predecessors had displayed to the religious revival of the preceding century, scented danger in the movement, earlier probably than did Newman himself. A definitely Romanising section of the Tractarians was indeed arising, though without any countenance from their leader. This antagonised public opinion in a way which it is now hard to realise. The hatred of Rome which was cherished by the British public of that day arose from motives by no means solely theological, one of which was a contempt for foreigners begotten by ignorance out of a strong national consciousness. Moreover, the men of that day were nearer than we are to the days when Rome was an anti-national factor in our politics. Time cannot altogether be measured by the calendar, and the layers of thought and experience which separate us from our great-grandfathers have wrought no less a change in general mentality than the century and a half which separated the Tractarians from

James II. This sentiment was also the outcome of an individualistic temper of mind which has since abated. The Englishman's privilege of thinking for himself has been subtly but none the less powerfully affected by the recognition that, in Science at any rate, there is a body of authoritative knowledge which must be deferred to, and his right to act for himself has been curtailed by an enlarged conception of the functions of the State.

A decisive event in Newman's career occurred in 1841, viz., his publication of the once famous 'Tract Number 90.' This caused, however unwarrantably, a suspicion of his intellectual integrity which it took him well over twenty years to live down, and which, but for the *Apologia*, he probably never would have lived down. It had been said that the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England were plainly inconsistent with the teaching embodied in the Anglican divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to whose authority the Tractarians appealed—a damaging assertion which Newman was concerned to meet. He proceeded to do so by going through the alleged anti-Roman articles of that ambiguous collection, and, to put it broadly, showing that they were not so much directed against Roman doctrine as against popular abuses of it. An academic storm burst, with the usual hail of pamphlets and accusations—but this storm was not merely academic. 'It was simply an impossibility,' Newman tells us, 'that I could say anything henceforth to good effect, when I had been posted up by the marshal on the buttery-hatch of every College of my University, after the manner of

discommoned pastry-cooks, and when in every part of the country and every class of society, through every organ and occasion of opinion, in newspapers, in periodicals, at meetings, in pulpits, at dinner tables, in coffee-rooms, in railway carriages, I was denounced as a traitor who had laid his train and was detected in the very act of firing it against the time-honoured Establishment.' The Tracts were discontinued altogether, but edition after edition of this particular Tract poured from the press, and Newman was enabled to buy a large and valuable library out of the proceeds. It is unnecessary to recount the forgotten disputes occasioned by this and subsequent events—notably by a definitely Romanising publication of W. G. Ward's, far the ablest of the advanced wing of the Tractarians, and the father of Newman's devoted biographer and exponent. Party lines hardened and general University questions and appointments, even to the Professorship of Poetry, became their battle-ground. Newman came more and more under suspicion; the passions he had aroused were too strong for his honesty to be recognised. At some Colleges the dinner hour was altered so as to make a dinner in Hall incompatible with attendance at Newman's sermons. This man and that was marked down as 'suspect.' Such was the experience of Charles Reding, whose acquaintance we have already made, when he had occasion to approach the Head of his college on some question connected with his residence:—

'"We had hoped," he said, "Mr. Reding, that so good a young man as you once were would have gained

a place on some foundation, and been settled here, and been a useful man in his generation, sir; and a column, a buttress of the Church of England, sir. Well, sir, here are my best wishes for you, sir. When you come up for your Master's degree, sir—no, I think it is your Bachelor's—which is it, Mr. Reding, are you yet a Bachelor? Oh, I see your gown."

'Charles said he had not yet been into the schools. "Well, sir, when you come up to be examined, I should say—to be examined—we will hope that in the interval, reflection, and study, and absence perhaps from dangerous companions, will have brought you to a soberer state of mind, Mr. Reding."

'Charles was shocked at the language used about him. "Really, sir," he said, "if you knew me better, you would feel that I am likely neither to receive nor do harm by remaining here between this and Easter."

'"What! remain here, sir, with all the young men about?" asked Dr. Bluett, in astonishment—"with all the young men about you, sir?"

'Charles really had not a word to say; he did not know himself in so novel a position. "I cannot conceive, sir," he said, at last, "why I should be unfit company for the gentlemen of the College."

'Dr. Bluett's jaw dropped, and his eyes assumed a hollow aspect. "You will corrupt their minds, sir," he said,—"you will corrupt their minds." Then he added in a sepulchral tone which came from the very depths of his inside: "You will introduce them, sir, to some subtile Jesuit—to some subtile Jesuit, Mr. Reding."'

It would be easier to echo the blame which has been so freely bestowed on the Heads of Houses for their

failure to recognise at least the sincerity and the high aims of the men whose teaching they were combating if there were the least ground for supposing that these would have met with any more consideration at the hands of the Tractarians themselves, had the position been reversed. In any case, the 'persecution' to which the Tractarians were subjected was not of a sort to break many bones. The sporadic attempts at repression made by the Oxford authorities were as undignified as they were unsuccessful—or, to speak more truly, were undignified because they were unsuccessful. However, neither as politicians nor as ecclesiastics have Englishmen ever cared to learn the arts by which opinion is extirpated; Newman always recognised this trait in his fellow-countrymen. Not but what he himself would not have preferred rejection to compromise; he was as willing to die for a dogma as were any of the Fathers whose history he has written; and he had by this time come to manifest an equally stern joy in theological warfare.

How far Newman was at first from any thought that the movement which he led would bring himself and many of his followers into the Church of Rome is abundantly plain from the evidence of the earlier Tracts. None the less, as the ideal grew upon his mind of a Christian Church as one organised spiritual body, independent of the State, divinely commissioned both to teach the truths of Christianity, and, in virtue of an unbroken succession of ordinations from the Apostles, to be the channel of sacramental grace, he turned more and more towards a living Church whose claims

afforded a striking contrast to those of the Anglican Church of his day. He himself has done all that words can do to trace the growth of the conviction which led him to abandon the Church of his birth, and the history is written for all to read in the *Apologia*. But language, as Newman himself has taught us, is an inadequate medium for conveying the complexities of motive, the subtle interplay of reason and emotion, which impel men to decisions of this order. It is evident that he was profoundly affected by his study of Christianity in the fourth century, and he has explained to us the events of early Church history by which he tested the Anglican Church and found it doctrinally wanting. Some elements in that Church, its connection with the State and its compromising spirit, he had come to hate with a very un-English hatred. At this very time, moreover, certain ecclesiastical events —which there is no need to recount—were showing the 'Protestant' conception of it held by the authorities, and these impelled him further in the same direction.

Not so many years after this time a younger man and an older, both members of the University, arrived in the course of a country walk at a dull looking village some three miles from Oxford. 'This,' said the older man, 'is Littlemore.' The younger man manifested no interest. 'Ah,' said the first, 'I see I belong to a past generation.' That village did indeed attract attention during the years 1842 to 1845. For it was thither that Newman retired, after his position in Oxford had become intolerable, and he was about to

resign the University church. He had held the living of Littlemore for some years, together with his other and far more important charge, and had built the village church. To the excitement of some and the scandal of many, he now proceeded to convert a row of cottages into a religious house, where he led a life of semi-monastic seclusion. A few disciples lived with him ; a congenial spirit was occasionally invited over to spend a few days ; but the merely curious—and there were plenty—who walked over from Oxford to ' have a look at the monastery,' were not encouraged. A glimpse into the life led there is afforded by some pages of a diary kept by Mark Pattison, who, though not one of the Littlemore residents, fell for a time under Newman's influence :—

' 6th October (1843).—St. Faith in Salisbury Breviary. More comfortable in mind to-day. Walk with N. and Coffin to Sandford. Much talk about the English saints. The Carthusians have no miracles. The Bollandists talk of legends of St. David as " Fabulosæ." A well in one of Wilberforce's parishes called St. John's Well, was from St. John, Beverley. The Paduan edition of St. Athanasius has many additions to the Benedictine. N. thinks the fourth oration a patchwork of different pieces.

. . . . . .

' 9th October.—Another interesting talk with Newman alone, on the present prospects of the Church in England ; he thought persons in lay communion, and thus not bound by the Articles and Prayer-book, remaining in the Church of England and advocating Catholic views would be irresistible. Had as little

hope as possible himself, but thinks it wrong to be without hope. . . .'

One deficiency in the English Church which is alluded to in the first of the above extracts, viz., a hagiology, it was one of Newman's first concerns to supply. In this domain Newman, both now and hereafter, accorded a ready welcome to almost anything; but the amount of discussion which has centred round his attitude to this question leaves his real significance as a thinker and a teacher almost entirely unaffected. We are reminded a little of what Macaulay, in his exaggerated way, says of Johnson in a somewhat similar connection. Newman also, outside a particular field, was a wary and acute reasoner enough, by no means afraid of paradox, and somewhat inclined to scepticism. The mental attitude in virtue of which he accepted some stories in which no adherent whether of the Roman Catholic or any other Church is bound to believe must be considered, though it cannot be explained, in the light of a general disposition which he has himself made so abundantly clear. Newman was, as we have already seen, given—and in no vulgar sense—to seeking after signs. Anything that seemed like a providential direction, still more a supernatural intervention in the phenomenal order, was eagerly welcomed, and none the less eagerly because he certainly did not need any such confirmation of his personal faith. That, in particular cases, he approached the evidence with an antecedent bias, that he employed a subtle intellect in its defence, and that

he was often led to find what he wished to find, is not such an extraordinary phenomenon of human nature, however extraordinary may be some of the instances in which he seemed to find it.

The disciples, accordingly, were set to edit a series of lives of the English Saints, which, since they omitted nothing, provided a source of amazement to the British public and an acid test of the faithful. One life was entrusted to J. A. Froude, who was directed by Newman as follows: 'Rationalise when the evidence is weak, and this will give credibility for others where you can show that the evidence is strong.'[1] But the Life of St. Neot, although it was, he tells us, a comparatively mild specimen, proved too much for the future historian, and it was only in point of literary style that he subsequently remained Newman's disciple. The leader, meanwhile, was meditating a work of a very different character, which he did not publish until just after his reception into the Roman Catholic Church. This was the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine* (1846)—undoubtedly Newman's greatest, though not his most attractive work, and the one by which he has most decidedly influenced thought. It is a model of subtle argumentation, lucid eloquence and orderly arrangement.

Written, for the most part, when its author was halting midway between two forms of Christianity, it is, as stated in the preface, designed to suggest a line of reflection to those who were in a similar state of indecision. Newman's spiritual home was, as we have

[1] Paul's *Life of Froude*, p. 33.

seen, in the third or fourth centuries, and a great living Church did, in spite of evident differences, seem to present more likeness to the Church as it was then than did the Anglican Church. This feeling finds a beautiful expression in a passage which, though not accorded any special prominence of position, does in reality set the key of the whole essay.

'Did St. Athanasius or St. Ambrose come suddenly to life, it cannot be doubted what communion he would take to be his own. All surely will agree that these Fathers, with whatever opinions of their own, whatever protests, if we will, would find themselves more at home with such men as St. Bernard or St. Ignatius Loyola, or with the lonely priest in his lodging, or the holy sisterhood of mercy, or the unlettered crowd before the altar, than with the teachers or with the members of any other creed. And may we not add, that were those same Saints who once sojourned, one in exile, one on embassy, at Trèves, to come more northward still, and to travel until they reached another fair city, seated among groves, green meadows and calm streams, the holy brothers would turn from many a high aisle and solemn cloister which they found there, and ask the way to some small chapel where mass was said in the populous alley or forlorn suburb? And, on the other hand, can anyone who has but heard his name, and cursorily read his history, doubt for one instant how, in turn, the people of England, "we, our princes, our priests and our prophets," Lords and Commons, Universities, Ecclesiastical Courts, marts of commerce, great towns, country parishes, would deal with Athanasius—Athanasius, who spent his long years in fighting against sovereigns for a theological term?'

The Protestant maintained that the differences which the Church of Rome showed from the Primitive Church were in the nature of 'corruptions,' but could the difficulty which undoubtedly existed be solved by any other hypothesis more agreeable both to the facts themselves and to the past history and present vitality of the Church in question? Newman is engaged not so much in formal argument on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church as in urging that, if the hypothesis he advances be valid so far, a powerful presumption is thereby afforded that it may be trusted in the rest. Though informed by great learning, and containing many pages dedicated to the technical examination of particular doctrines, the essay is as much a powerful imaginative appeal, clothed in a subtle intellectual garment, as a formal treatise. All the resources of Newman's literary art are displayed in placing the minds of his readers in key with his own, in bringing to bear upon them the full weight of his hypothesis by converging lines of argument and suggestion, and in marshalling to that end a great array of facts and considerations. The essay has a bold sweep, an almost epic grandeur, which, theology apart, are sufficient to secure it a permanent place in literature.

In the Introduction, a skilful prominence is given to the consideration embodied in the opening sentences: 'Christianity has been long enough in the world to justify us in dealing with it as a fact in the world's history. Its genius and character . . . cannot be treated as matters of private opinion or deduction, unless we may reasonably so regard the Spartan institu-

tions or the religion of Mahomet.' All theories about it turn on the fact of it, and the reader, in the succeeding pages, becomes predisposed to regard it as the system vouched for by a history of 1800 years. The first formal section opens with an admirable description of the process to which 'living ideas' (such as, among others, the 'rights of man,' the 'anti-social bearings of a priesthood,' and 'utilitarianism') are subjected by the reactions of experience, by a 'general agitation of thought and an action of mind upon mind.' From the literary point of view, it would be difficult to find a more striking fusion of illustration and argument than is afforded by the following passage, or an apter adaptation of language to a dominant metaphorical tone.

'But whatever be the risk of corruption from the world around, such a risk must be encountered if a great idea is duly to be understood, and much more if it is to be fully exhibited. It is elicited and expanded by trial, and battles into perfection and supremacy. Nor does it escape the collision of opinion even in its earlier years, nor does it remain truer to itself, and with a better claim to be considered one and the same, though externally protected from vicissitude and change. It is indeed sometimes said that the stream is clearest near the spring. Whatever use may be fairly made of this image, it does not apply to the history of a philosophy or belief, which on the contrary is more equable, and purer and stronger, when its bed has become deep, and broad and full. It necessarily arises out of an existing state of things, and for a time savours of the soil. Its vital element needs disengaging

from what is foreign and temporary, and is employed in efforts after freedom which become more vigorous and hopeful as its years increase. Its beginnings are no measure of its capabilities, nor of its scope. At first no one knows what it is, or what it is worth. It remains perhaps for a time quiescent; it tries, as it were, its limbs, and proves the ground under it, and feels its way. From time to time it makes essays which fail and are in consequence abandoned. It seems in suspense which way to go; it wavers, and at length strikes out in one definite direction. In time it enters upon strange territory; points of controversy alter their bearing, parties rise and fall around it; dangers and hopes appear in new relations; and old principles reappear under new forms. It changes with them in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often.'

The substance of this famous essay is a matter for the ecclesiastical historian alone, and its consideration lies quite outside the scope of the present sketch and the knowledge of the present writer. None the less, it seems desirable to give a brief but, it is hoped, not unfair summary of its central argument. It is designed to prove the oneness, with primitive Apostolic teaching, of the body of doctrine 'known at this day by the name of Catholic, and professed substantially both by Eastern and Western Christendom.' Certain doctrines come to us, professing to be Apostolic, and though we may only be able to assign the date of their formal establishment to a particular century, as the case may be, yet they are universally considered in each

age to be the echo of the doctrines of the times immediately preceding them. Christian doctrine, as originally delivered, was bound to develop from the nature of the case; Christianity was designed to operate not in a void but in a world of men; and its doctrines were bound to germinate on a wide mental and spiritual field. The consideration that Christian doctrine, as originally taught, does admit of true and important developments, and that Christianity is intended to be both social and dogmatic, and valid for all ages, affords a strong antecedent argument in favour of there being a Divinely ordered provision for an authority charged with the power of discriminating between legitimate and illegitimate developments of the original body of doctrine. But it is not enough to show that the system of doctrines known as Catholic do in fact admit of being referred to beliefs, opinions and usages which prevailed among the first Christians; a development may be in one sense natural, as a disease may be natural, yet untrue to its original; the 'developments' of the Roman Church may be what Protestants call her 'corruptions.' Criteria are accordingly demanded to distinguish between faithful and unfaithful developments. These criteria Newman derives partly from the analogy of an organic body, and he articulates them into 'seven notes of a true development.' In relation to its earliest form, the idea must, if the development be genuine, exhibit preservation of type, continuity of principles, and logical sequence; similarly, throughout its history, it must show anticipation of its future, conservative action upon its past,

and chronic vigour. These notes are fully illustrated and applied in detail to the facts of Christian history, and the thesis that the distinctive tenets of the Roman Catholic Church are genuine developments of original Christian teaching is thus established.

Newman's own deliberate view that 'the deposit of faith once for all committed to the Church was so given that Christians were not explicitly conscious of all its intellectual implications which were subsequently defined. The dogma was given once for all, but its explication which made it more distinctly understood by the faithful, was a matter of time,' [1] and it is this conception of dogmatic development that the essay was really designed to support.

Newman was, however, not solely concerned to illustrate the deductive process by which dogma is defined and explicated. His imagination had been fired by the vista which his argument opened before him, by the expansion of the first 'little flock' into a world-wide organisation, consistent in thought and flexible in action, laden, but not burdened, with the accumulated experience of eighteen hundred years. He was concerned to display, by all the resources of his art, the underlying identity of spirit, aim and method which he judged to exist between the church of the earlier centuries and the Roman Catholic church of his own day. He was contemplating, to put it broadly, not only the development of doctrine, but the expansion of an institution informed by a 'living idea,' and these two sides of the subject ran parallel in his mind. The essay is accordingly dominated by the conception of

[1] See Ward, I, pp. 185, 186.

organic growth, but this analogy is not so obviously applicable to the process by which a body of dogmatic truth, incapable *ex hypothesi* of material increase, receives, in the course of time, additional explanation and clearer definition. It is in consequence of this element in the essay that it has, as is well known, been used in the service of a subsequent school of religious thought with which its author would not have had the smallest sympathy. It is, again, natural enough to mention in connection with it those later biological theories which have wrought 'development' into the substance of our thought and speech to-day, but this only introduces an element of misunderstanding. The biological analogies to which Newman recurs do indeed afford him the means of some excellent rhetorical illustration. But there is no real similarity between Newman's method of establishing the substantial identity of a living and a past institution by the application of certain criteria, and the method of the scientist upon whom a connecting hypothesis flashes after a long and minute observation of phenomena. Enough remains to Newman in any case without burdening his argument with implications alien to him. Old as is the leading idea of the essay, Newman was the first to explicate it clearly and to apply it to a particular domain of history. Nothing can deprive him of the credit due to a real originality of method.

At Littlemore he continued, paying fewer and fewer visits to Oxford. Day by day, week by week, month by month, the monotonous life continued. The awe-struck disciples watched their reserved and mysterious leader growing visibly thinner as, silent and absorbed,

he toiled at his great work. The only one of them whom Newman seems to have admitted to much share of his inner thoughts and feelings was the Ambrose St. John, whose lifelong devotion receives, at the end of the *Apologia*, a commemoration which will last as long as the English language, and whose death is said to have occasioned the *Dream of Gerontius*. What the severance from Oxford, which Newman saw with increasing clearness was soon to become complete, must have cost him may easily be imagined. His University novel is so palpably autobiographical in its values, if not in its incidents, that one further quotation from it may be given. The hero is about to join the Roman Church, and passes through Oxford on his way to London :—

'He had passed through Bagley wood, and the spires and towers of the University came on his view, hallowed by how many tender associations, lost to him for two whole years, suddenly recovered—recovered to be lost for ever! There lay old Oxford before him, with its hills as gentle and its meadows as green as ever. At the first view of that beloved place he stood still with folded arms, unable to proceed. Each college, each church, he counted them by their pinnacles and turrets. The silver Isis, the grey willows, the far-stretching plains, the dark groves, the distant range of Shotover, the pleasant village where he had lived with Carlton and Sheffield—wood, water, stone, all so calm, so bright, they might have been his, but his they were not. Whatever he was to gain by becoming a Catholic, this he had lost; whatever he was to gain higher and better, at least this and such as this he never could have again. He could not have another Oxford, he

could not have the friends of his boyhood and youth in the choice of his manhood.'

Newman found some solace in the sympathy of those who understood, especially of Keble and Church, who remained his lifelong friends. Among such was his sister Harriett (Mrs. Thomas Mozley), whose relations to Newman recall those of another sister, Henriette Renan, to a very different brother. Her letters show her to have been a woman of judgment and insight, though she could not at times repress a natural cry, 'Would it were not so, and that you were more like other men.' But many people simply could not understand why he remained in the Church of England. Some of the more ignorant were ready with imputations of a dubious motive, though what they could have supposed Newman had, in a worldly point of view, to gain from the step which he proposed to take does not appear. Meanwhile, he had preached to his parishioners of Littlemore what was to be his last Anglican sermon, *The Parting of Friends*, ending as follows:—

'And O, my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know anyone whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants and feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a brighter life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the enquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take an interest in him, and feel

well inclined towards him, remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and, pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfil it.'

Henceforth two letters to his sister must complete the tale of this period of their author's life.

Sept. 29, 1843.

'I do so despair of the Church of England and am so evidently cast off by her, and, on the other hand, I am so drawn to the Church of Rome, that I think it safer, as a matter of honesty, not to keep my living.

'This is a very different thing from having any intention of joining the Church of Rome. However, to avow generally as much as I have said, would be wrong for ten thousand reasons. People cannot understand a man being in a state of doubt, of misgiving, of being unequal to responsibilities, etc., but they will conclude that one has clear views either one way or the other. . . . Very few persons know this—hardly one person, only one (I think) in Oxford. . . . I think it would be most cruel, most unkind, most unsettling to tell them. . . .'

Again:—

Nov. 24, 1844.

'The one predominant distress upon me has been this unsettlement of mind I am causing. This is a thing that has haunted me day by day. And for days I had a literal pain in and about my heart, which I suppose at any moment I could bring on again. I have been overworked lately. . . . Besides the pain of unsettling people, of course I feel the loss I am undergoing in the good opinion of my friends and well-wishers, though I can't tell how much I feel this. It

is the shock, suspense, terror, forlornness, disgust, scepticism to which I am giving rise; the differences of opinion, division of families—all this it is that makes my heart ache. . . . I cannot make out that I have any motive but a sense of indefinite risk to my soul in remaining where I am. A clear conviction of the substantial identity of Christianity and the Roman system has now been in my mind for a full three years. It is more than five years since the conviction first came on me, though I struggled against it and overcame it. I believe all my feelings and wishes are against change. I have nothing to draw me elsewhere. I hardly ever was at a Roman service; even abroad I knew no Roman Catholics. I have no sympathies with them as a party. I am giving up everything. I am not conscious of any resentment, disgust, or the like to repel me from my present position; and I have no dreams whatever—far from it indeed. I seem to be throwing myself away. . . . How can I at my age and with my past trials be set upon anything? I really don't think I am. What keeps me here is the desire of giving every chance of finding out if I am under the power of a delusion. . . . And now what a deal I have said about myself. I wonder how many I's there are in this letter.'

It was not until October 1845 that he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. At the beginning of the following year he left Littlemore, and was not to see Oxford again for over thirty years, 'excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway.' The clinging associations of long years thus finally sacrificed, he braced himself to begin life over again, in totally strange surroundings, at forty-five.

CHAPTER V

EARLY ROMAN PERIOD—LITERARY WORK AND LECTURES

Newman had at last surrendered, but what was to be done with him? That was the question which confronted the Roman authorities, who were quite alive to the importance of their convert.

The English Roman Catholics were but a small community in 1845. They included, besides the Irish element in the industrial towns, an old-fashioned body of country gentlemen, quite English in character and tastes, disliking foreign modes of devotion, suspicious of novelties, and filling the position in the general scheme of things assigned them by an ecclesiastic whose better acquaintance we shall make subsequently. 'What is the province of the laity? To hunt, to shoot, to entertain; these are matters which they understand, but not to meddle with theology.'

'To hunt, to shoot and to entertain' were indeed all the external activities that had been possible to the Catholic gentry up till sixteen years earlier. Unable to vote, excluded from the Army, the Navy, the Bar, from any post of profit under the Crown, and, in effect, from any share whatever in the national life, they had acquired, and with only too good reason, some of the characteristics of a *gens lucifuga* which they were now only just beginning to shake off. Their exclusion from

the Universities had prevented them from associating with their own kind on terms of intellectual equality. Men still living could just recall the time when they had been prohibited even from the public exercise of their own religion, and the Mass had only been permitted under the protection of foreign embassies. Catholic chapels and religious houses were not legalised until 1791; the chief 'Mass-houses' for London Catholics had been 'a backyard in Warwick Street, the Neapolitan chapel situated in a stable yard, and another room at Moorfields, with a spy-window, so that friend and foe could be distinguished before admission.'[1] It was not until 1829, and owing mainly to the efforts of these Liberal reformers whose philosophy Newman dedicated his life to combating, that Catholics received political rights. But the habits of years could not be changed by an Act of Parliament, nor were they at first encouraged by their rulers to take an active part in public life. However, a brighter day dawned with the arrival in England in 1835 of Nicholas Wiseman, subsequently the first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

Wiseman is said, probably without foundation, to have been the original of Browning's Bishop Blougram, but it was only in cultivation, geniality, and a moderate and rational use of the gifts of Providence that he resembled that sceptical prelate. Of Anglo-Irish parentage, he had been educated abroad. While still under thirty he had attained the important position of Rector of the English College in Rome,

[1] Ward's *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*, I, p. 221.

and was in a fair way to achieve a European reputation for learning when he was drawn into practical avocations. In Rome he had become acquainted with such men as Macaulay and Gladstone, and had made himself very popular with English visitors generally. He was the obvious man for a mission to England, where he speedily showed himself a powerful influence on behalf of his Church.

Some theological essays which he had written made a deep impression on Newman and others, and, indeed, his antecedents fitted him admirably to understand and take a judicious advantage of the movement at Oxford. He had entered into communication with Newman during the hubbub caused by Tract 90, but little had come of it. As the Romeward direction of some of the Tractarians became more evident, Wiseman's expectations rose. Some of them were now openly associating with Catholics; and one or two of the smaller fry were actually captured. It seemed impossible that the one big fish should after all slip the net, but his approaches thereto were so slow as to be almost imperceptible. Month after month passed; the impatience of the Catholics and the apprehensions of the Anglicans increased; but there was still no positive sign from Littlemore. Not often, surely, has the attention of so many been concentrated on the inner life of one man. The end, when it did come, came suddenly. The conversion of England seemed at last to be a practical possibility; at any rate the inconsiderable remnant of Catholics in the country would receive substantial additions in consequence of the Tractarian conversions.

At Oxford, there was first a lull, then a reaction. It would not be true to say that the Movement died in the home of its birth, for Pusey was there to give it the authority of his learning and his life. Its future history, however, lay in the Anglican Church at large, with its younger disciples who were now at work in parishes up and down the kingdom. In the University 'the star of Newman had sunk, and the sun of Mill had arisen,' and a Liberal movement succeeded the return of the University to its normal paths. The enchanter had gone and his spells had gone with him. Men awoke to find they were no longer living in the fourth or the thirteenth, but in the nineteenth century. As a general interest railways, it is said, displaced theology: 'We used to talk of High Church, Broad Church and Low Church; we now talked of high embankments, broad gauges, and low levels.' The poignant regrets, the bitter disillusionment, that were part of Newman's legacy to the Church of his birth can be read in many memoirs of the time. Some of his abler disciples, notably Mark Pattison and J. A. Froude, had already revolted against his teaching. By the 'Man in the Street' Newman was regarded as bad or mad, and this opinion found expression in doggerel verses such as these :—

'Newman, saintly, sad and sage,
Takes the staff of pilgrimage,
A tooth of St. Denis is in his scrip—
A silver tooth with a socket of gold
And a hair from the mole on St. Katherine's lip,
Which blotted her face like an iron-mould.'

. . . . . .

'Was the scaffolding broken on which he relied?
Had his fall, after all, but been caused by his pride?
I know not—I guess not—I tell but the fact,
That Newman has fallen, and is probably cracked.'

Newman meanwhile, with a few of his fellow converts, was at various Catholic colleges in England, in an atmosphere which savoured not of an Oxford Common Room. Though he was heartily welcomed at Oscott, he could not but feel that his ways were not the ways of his new associates, nor his thoughts their thoughts. Nor were the 'old Catholics' in general sympathetic. They had borne the brunt; they had remained faithful to their Church during weary years of adversity; who was this intellectualist who now came along with new-fangled notions from an alien world? However, Newman faced his new life with the greatest cheerfulness, and his determination to see everything in the best light carried him through superficial discomforts. Inwardly, he had obtained peace at last. His soul had found a stay, his mind a satisfaction, which were never for an instant to be taken away.

Not long after his conversion it was decided that he should go to Rome, and thither, in the autumn of 1846, he proceeded. Well on by this time in middle life, having been for years the most notable figure in the English Church and one of the most discussed men in the country, having written works of the highest importance, having been the leader of a great ecclesiastical party and having shown himself gifted with a religious eloquence such as had not been heard

in England for fifty years, he was now content to become a student among a polyglot collection of youths in the Collegio di Propaganda.

Newman had been in Rome before as a chance tourist, but had then seen it with different eyes. Externally, it was the Rome which Keats and Shelley had known not so many years before, and which our grandfathers knew, Rome when the Pope was king. The city had not yet been delivered over to the sanitary ruthlessness of a modern municipality, or to the scarcely more tender mercies of the archæologist. The cattle which grazed round the solitary column in the Forum had not yielded place to the excavator. The Coliseum towered over an arena which was edged by altars dedicated to its martyrs, and progress had not yet cleansed it of 'the garland forest which the grey walls wear.' The Tiber had no embankment, the Pincian was a green hill innocent of hotels, and the streets had not been standardised to the level of any second-rate continental town. As for its government, every post of any importance in all departments of State was in the hands of an ecclesiastic; the very army was directed by a commission over which a Cardinal presided; nor were the petty officials inaccessible to bribes. Ecclesiastical splendour paraded the streets amidst a genial beggary which shocked English visitors. The faithful were allowed plenty of holidays in relief of an industry which was not excessive, and the Carnival which preceded the rigours of Lent was a sight to see. 'The worst governed state in Europe' was the verdict of the

scandalised Macaulay, who was, however, compelled to admit that to a visitor it had its attractions; 'whenever you meet a man who is not in canonicals or in rags you may bet two to one he is an Englishman.' Newman, however, was not altogether sure that the mass of people were unhappier there than they were anywhere else. Being anything but a social reformer, when he came to compare Papal Rome and Early Victorian Birmingham as regards, for example, their treatment of the poor, he was not convinced that the advantage lay so overwhelmingly with the last-named as was generally supposed.

Of the revolutionary ferment which was seething just below this picturesque surface, and of the dungeons which were available for revolutionaries, Newman probably saw little during his year of residence. Shortly before his arrival, Pius IX had entered on the longest and most eventful pontificate of modern times, and was beginning to steer a troubled course between those who wished for national unity and those who wished for a federation of the Italian kingdoms under Papal suzerainty. The new Pope was winning great popularity owing to his short-lived reforming sympathies, and his release of his predecessor's political prisoners. Not for the first time, nor for the last, had the Papacy given the lie to prophets; it was not fifty years since some of the keenest intelligences in Europe had been predicting its speedy dissolution. But it had survived in spite of, and been strengthened because of, the treatment it had received from Napoleon, and it now stood

higher in general estimation than it had stood at any time since the beginning of the century. When, a year or two later, the Pope was forced by political troubles in his dominions to take refuge in the territory of the king of Naples, the French who restored him to his throne had the sentiment of Europe behind them. The Temporal Power was still to last for more than twenty years.

Newman was at first cordially received. Pius IX manifested great interest in the Oxford converts, and expressed a hope that he would see Newman 'again and again.' Newman's immediate wish was to obtain official sanction for the theology implicit in his *Essay on Development*. He was also incidentally concerned with a proposed French translation of his Oxford University Sermons on *Faith and Reason*. He had always regarded them as his best, and now, he tells us, on looking into them again, was astonished to see how good they were. His spirits rose. 'It shan't be my fault,' he wrote in a moment of unusual buoyancy, 'if they think small beer of me.'

It was not very long, however, before the Roman authorities cooled. A sermon which Newman was compelled to preach in difficult circumstances, and to a congregation which included some influential Protestants, was not thought well of at the Vatican. Moreover, though he was eventually given the Roman degree of Doctor of Divinity, he did not obtain, his biographer tells us, the full approval of his theological teaching which he judged to be necessary for his future influence. Father Perrone, the highest theo-

logical authority, did indeed, after consideration of the *Essay on Development*, endorse the substance of that treatise. However, as Newman came to see with increasing clearness, the men who mattered, the Cardinals at the head of the great administrative Congregations, were not in the least interested either in Father Perrone or in the *Essay on Development*. Absorbed in practical tasks, they had no time for anything else. Meanwhile, it had yet to be decided whether theology or preaching was to be Newman's line. He himself, having always regarded literary work as unsatisfying, and not being ambitious of the fame which attends a popular preacher, hoped that he would be assigned to Theology. He saw visions, which he was to embody later in some glowing pages, of a great theological school in England or in Ireland, which should adjust the claims of intellect and of authority, where pressing questions should be studied in the light of the fullest contemporary knowledge, subjected to the discussion of trained minds, and the result submitted to the infallible ruling of the Church. But the Roman authorities were naturally not anxious that a man with Newman's power of utterance should immure himself in a college. However, they probably saw by this time that, with all his apparent diffidence and his genuine wish to submit himself loyally to the decisions of authority, he had opinions of his own and could express them. He had no wish to enter a religious order, for he felt that to give up all personal property would try his faith very much. In the end it was decided that he and his immediate

followers should establish in England an Oratory of St. Philip Neri. It is hard to see what better plan could have been devised for enabling Newman to use his gifts for the service of his Church and for his own satisfaction.

St. Philip Neri[1] was a Florentine who by his life and work in sixteenth-century Rome won the title of the Apostle of that city. His personality was of a modern rather than a mediæval type; of gentle birth himself, he mixed freely with persons of importance in Church and State and with society generally; and his originality consisted in seeing that something more flexible than monasticism was required to leaven a society that was no longer mediæval. In considering the various orders of the Catholic Church Newman liked to find a parallel between the genius of Athens and that of the congregations founded by St. Philip, whose 'houses stand, like Greek colonies, independent of each other and complete in themselves; whose subjects in these several houses are allowed, like Athenian citizens, freely to cultivate their respective gifts and to follow out their own mission; whose one rule is love, and whose one weapon influence.' The institution St. Philip founded had, in fact, none of the external or internal characteristics of a monastery, but resembled rather 'a residential clerical club.' Its members, who were secular priests, were at liberty to withdraw when they pleased and to take their property with them. Under such a liberal organisation full

[1] Taken from *Encyclopædia Britannica*, s.v. See also Newman's *University Sketches*, Chapter VII.

opportunities would be afforded for Newman and his associates to use their powers as seemed best; whether in preaching, in writing or in study. After a great deal of trouble, two houses were founded, one, the younger of the two, in London, in front of which a doleful statue of Newman now stands and seeks the sympathy of the Brompton Road. The other, of which he retained the headship, was placed in Birmingham, and was to be his much-loved home for the rest of his life. At first, he had thoughts of founding a school to feed the Birmingham house: 'I should like,' he said in this connection, 'St. Wilfrid's to be the Eton of the Oratory—a place where Fathers would turn with warm associations of boyhood or at least youth—a place where they would be buried, where their relics would be kept, a gin bottle or cayenne phial of the Venerabile servo di Dio, il Padre Wilfride Faber, an old red biretta of his Eminence C. Robert Coffin, and a double tooth and knuckle bone of St. Aloysius of Birmingham.' The original plan was not, however, proceeded with, and Newman did not found until later the great public school which is now attached to the Birmingham Oratory.

For a year or so after his return from Rome in 1848 Newman was kept busy with work incidental to the institution of the Oratories. He had, however, already written his Oxford novel, *Loss and Gain, the Story of a Convert* (1848), and an interesting picture it is of the extraordinary chapter in University history of which he was the chief author. It was prompted, he tells us, by the publication of a ridiculous, and now

unknown, tale dealing with the religious movement at Oxford. Designed to substitute a reasonable and credible narrative for a travesty, *Loss and Gain* was not undertaken for a controversial purpose. None the less, it was bound to be in effect a propagandist novel, and though hardly one of Newman's best books, it shines indeed by comparison with some recent efforts in the same direction.

We are presented with the religious history of an Eton undergraduate, the Charles Reding whom we have already met, from his second year of residence up to his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church. The vividness with which certain characters and certain aspects of University life are portrayed makes one wish, as every reader of Newman must often wish, that his literary powers had been allowed freer scope. Though the gallery comprises one or two tender and sympathetic portraits of old-fashioned Anglican clergymen, it is evident that the affection which Newman felt for his University did not extend to quite considerable portions of its inhabitants. A serious Evangelical tea-party is mercilessly sketched; Newman is for once in agreement with the author of *The Way of all Flesh* in disliking this form of entertainment. Similar hard measure is, as we have already seen, dealt to his own more superficial followers, who had thoroughly got on his nerves. An unfortunate don, who was 'oracular in his manner, denounced parties and party spirit, and thought to avoid the one and the other by eschewing all persons and holding all opinions' is pursued through several episodes, including a wondrous

breakfast party which he gives to some undergraduates. Later on, when the hero is approaching the crisis of his fate, the strokes of a mordant satire come thicker. He is in a bookseller's shop in Bath, when in comes one of the characters, now a young clergyman, with a newly-acquired wife of whom we have had a sufficient glimpse in an earlier part of the novel. 'Love was in their eyes, joy in their voice, and affluence in their gait and bearing. Charles had a faintish feeling come over him, somewhat such as might beset a man on hearing a call for pork chops when he was sea-sick.' The clergyman proceeds to select books recommended by the Bishop and by the Bishop's daughter, and the lady to procure a book called *Abbeys and Abbots*, to be used in the service of architectural experiments on their church and vicarage. The hero proceeds to London, where, with poetic license, he is represented as assailed by a motley procession of religionists. They include, among others, an ex-kitchen boy of his own college, who has found salvation outside the Established Church; a young lady with a vague idea of founding a new religion; a 'pale-faced man of about thirty-five who, when he spoke, arched his eyebrows, and had a peculiar smile' representing 'a society which is devoted to the extension among all classes of the pursuit of Truth,' and, finally, a Boanerges who offers him a 'spiritual elixir' in the shape of an anti-Popery tract. At the end, the tone changes, and we are refreshed by a description, in the author's best manner, of the hero's attendance at Mass for the first time.

Though, as will have been gathered, *Loss and Gain*

has no want of striking scenes, and has considerable autobiographical interest, the discussions in which it abounds make it as a whole rather dreary reading to-day. It is chiefly remarkable as exhibiting Newman's astonishing powers of satire, and, incidentally, as enabling us to estimate the effort which it must have cost him to repress them as much as he did.

Callista, a Tale of the Third Century (1857), was also begun at this time, though not completed and published until some years later. Written in a serener mood, it is both a better and a more agreeable work than its predecessor. Designed mainly for edification, it is much more than a tract in disguise, and is, in fact, an excellent historical novel. The characterisation, if rather thin, is sufficient for the purpose of a book of which the main strength lies in narrative and episode. Placed in Roman Africa, the story concerns the conversion and martyrdom of the heroine, a Greek girl who cannot at first give up the memories of her home and her gods. Newman had a genuine interest in and knowledge of the period in question; the local detail is interesting and no doubt correct; in particular, the imaginary reconstruction of the African landscape shows his sensitive feeling for scenery. The most striking part of the book begins with a description of a locust plague, which led to a popular outbreak against the Christians and to the denunciation of Callista to the Roman authorities. The unearthly character of the visitation inspired Newman to a singularly vivid piece of writing, which, though on a more extended scale, recalls Burke's famous descrip-

tion of the descent of Hyder Ali on the Carnatic. The progress of the invaders is traced from a cloud on the horizon to an overshadowing army of devastation, moving irresistibly though without apparent volition, hiding the sun, and letting fall on the earth what seemed like 'the innumerable flakes of a yellow-coloured snow.' An equally striking episode follows. A young provincial called Juba, though not a Christian, is the means of enabling Cyprianus (St. Cyprian), Bishop of Carthage, to escape from the mob. He boasts of this exploit to his mother, who practises infernal arts, and Gurtha, a powerfully sketched figure of the Satanic kind, lays a spell upon her son. The description which follows is evidently the outcome of a belief in the reality of demoniacal possession; we accompany the wretched man, driven by furies up hill and down dale, until he falls into a sleep from which he awakes an imbecile. The book ends with a highly-wrought account of the death of Callista, the preservation of her body from corruption, and her burial by St. Cyprian.

In 1850 Newman made an important appearance on a London platform. As a rule, a work entitled *Lectures on certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans in submitting to the Catholic Church*—and seventy years old at that—would not raise lively expectations in the breast of a lover of letters, and this misfortune of title is necessarily incidental to most of Newman's books. But these lectures are, in fact, well worth the attention of those who may be repelled by their name as models of the art of persuading people who are willing to go a part

of the way with you to go the whole way. Others of Newman's works are of greater value and interest in substance, but no other so well exhibits the full range of his oratorical powers. The Oxford Movement, so far as appertaining to the Church of England, receives no mercy from him now; never did Roman parent show himself less tender to a recalcitrant offspring. Every weapon from an armoury that had by this time become marvellously well-equipped is employed in showing that it was born in false hopes and nurtured in inconsistency, that its principles have no part or lot in the Established Church. '"Dear to memory" it may be, but, gentlemen, we are not concerned with that now; as an Anglican movement, it is ancient and rather absurd history.' Surprising as may seem the relentlessness with which the orator turns upon his former self, and much as it probably contributed to the suspicion with which he was regarded by contemporary English opinion, it must be remembered that Newman, though few would deny that he was also a genuine thinker, was primarily a rhetorician, with the temperament of such. He was by the necessity of his nature bound to employ all his gifts of analysis and expression in exploiting the utmost possibilities of the theme before him at the moment. It was not so many years earlier that he had shown himself equally severe on the Roman Catholic Church. Of some portions of his *Prophetical Office*, published in 1837, an acute and appreciative Catholic critic[1] is constrained to remark that he does not

[1] Bremond, *The Mystery of Newman*, p. 49, English translation.

remember to have read anything more specious or more violent against the Church to which Newman now belonged. However, as Newman himself very justly claimed years after, and reiterated when he at last received his life's reward, there was one point in which he had never wavered, viz., opposition to religious 'liberalism.' He may have changed the harness which he had donned for the earlier stages of the combat, but he was never out of the field.

The opening pages of the first lecture are a fine example of rhetorical tact, with their apology for what bears the appearance of an attempt to weaken a religious institution which must, at any rate, be acknowledged to form a bulwark against worse things, and with their explanation of the motives which impel the speaker to his present task. The earlier lectures are occupied with the Oxford Movement, and in explaining that the religious tendencies which it embodied were such as to find their logical and natural conclusion in the Church of Rome. The most generally interesting and also the most impressive of the series are Lectures VIII and IX, when he has left the more technical sides of his subject, and is dealing with objections grounded on the actual social and religious conditions of Catholic countries. Newman does not shrink from confronting his audience with certain phenomena well calculated to offend them, and from illustrating such phenomena fully. The English Protestant tourist may be shocked at the apparent irreverence of a Catholic populace, and the mechanical way in which they seem to regard the

supernatural—but their very superstitions testify to a hold on the unseen world which is denied to him. Nor does Newman attempt to soften the sternest paradoxes of his creed. In a passage which gave dire offence to Kingsley as it has done to others, but should not be read apart from its context, he drew a contrast between what might be the spiritual potentialities of an Irish beggar woman and those of a pattern English gentleman. The eighth lecture contains the most powerful exposition he ever gave to one of his constant themes, viz., the radical contrast between the 'Church' and the 'World,' and the essentially different motives by which each is informed. Catholic countries are charged with being unprogressive. Early-Victorian England, with its 'supreme worship of comfort, decency and social order,' may be more efficient than Italy, but its spirit is not so genial that Italians need desire to imitate it. Its treatment of the poor may be more business-like, but the one thing needful is lacking. 'Look at your poor-houses, lunatic asylums and prisons, they are as decent, and bright and calm as what our Lord seems to name them, dead men's sepulchres.' The tremendous, though hypothetical, judgment in which he enforces the substance of his argument is well known.

'The Church aims not at making a show, but at doing a work. She regards this world, and all that is in it, as a mere shadow, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. She holds that, unless she can, in her own way, do good to souls, it is no use her doing anything; she holds that it were

better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony so far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing without excuse. She considers the action of the world and the action of the soul simply incommensurable, viewed in their respective spheres; she would rather save the soul of one single wild bandit of Calabria, or whining beggar of Palermo, than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform, in its fullest details in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them.'

But the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England occasioned a greater effort than any of these lectures. Newman delivered before the Bishops assembled in their first synod at Oscott a sermon, entitled 'The Second Spring,'[1] which so hostile a personality as Macaulay is said to have known by heart. It opens quietly enough, but with even more than the author's wonted beauty of cadence:

'We have familiar experience of the order, the constancy, the perpetual renovation of the material world which surrounds us. Frail and transitory as is every part of it, restless and migratory as are its elements, never ceasing as are its changes, still it abides. It is bound together by a law of permanence, it is set up in unity; and, though it is ever dying, it is ever

[1] No. X in the volume *Sermons Preached on Various Occasions.*

coming to life again. Dissolution does but give birth to fresh modes of organisation, and one death is the parent of a thousand lives. Each hour, as it comes, is but a testimony, how fleeting, yet how secure, how certain, is the great whole. It is like an image in the waters, which is ever the same, though the waters ever flow. Change upon change—yet one change cries out to another, like the alternate seraphim, in praise and in glory of their Maker. The sun sinks to rise again; the day is swallowed up in the gloom of the night, to be born out of it, as fresh as if it had never been quenched. Spring passes into summer, and through summer and autumn into winter, only the more surely, by its own ultimate return, to triumph over that grave, towards which it resolutely hastened from its first hour. We mourn over the blossoms of May, because they are to wither, but we know, withal, that May is one day to have its revenge upon November, by the revolution of that solemn circle which never stops—which teaches us in our height of hope, ever to be sober, and in our depth of desolation, never to despair.'

After recalling the 'innate vitality of matter, the innate perishableness of mind,' the preacher sees the decay of man's physical constitution reflected in that of his moral faculties. But something strange was passing in the land at that time; a miracle in the course of human events; the coming in of a Second Spring; the analogue in the moral of the reparation which annually takes place in the physical world. Newman's imagination was now thoroughly fired. The glories of the Catholic Church in England as it once was; its fall; the long day of small things which succeeded; the thoughts that would fill the mind of one who had

lately presided over the Church in that day if he could have lived to see its restoration in this; a triumphal procession passing along the halls and corridors of Oscott headed by 'a Prince of the Church, in the royal dye of empire and of martyrdom'; the newly-created sees that would surely in time win a fame to counterbalance the fame of those which had been lost—he ends on a quiet note, with a passage commemorative of St. Philip Neri.

The restoration of the hierarchy above referred to was a step as to the wisdom of which Newman at first felt doubtful. He thought it might be considered showy and premature, and was inclined to think education rather than bishoprics was what the times required. But he accepted it whole-heartedly as soon as it was an accomplished fact, and the circumstances with which it was attended soon gave him ample employment for his energies. The step taken by Pius IX had set England in an uproar, to which the national dislike of Rome would have given rise in any case, and public irritation was further increased by an injudicious manifesto addressed from Rome to English Catholics by Wiseman, now a Cardinal and the head of the new hierarchy. The uproar extended, as Newman states in the discourse just mentioned, from the Queen to the Infant School. The Queen sent for the Home Secretary to know if anything could be done, and an Act, which at once became a dead letter, was passed through Parliament making it illegal for Roman Bishops to take their titles from English towns. The Lord Chancellor made an excited speech, quoting,

to the applause of the Guildhall, the passage in which Gloucester explains the treatment that he would accord to the hat of Cardinal Beaufort. The Pope and Cardinal Wiseman were burnt in effigy on village greens up and down the kingdom. In the face of all this, Newman prepared a series of lectures on *The Present Position of Catholics in England* (1851). Nominally addressed to his brothers of the Oratory, they were actually delivered before an excited audience in the Corn Exchange at Birmingham.

Anxious to put his audience into good humour, and to get something of the laugh on his side, Newman began with his wonted skill. He found a parallel to the misconception he was combating in a ludicrous picture which he drew of a fictitious Russian Count, holding forth to his countrymen on the iniquities of the British Constitution as illustrated by a literal interpretation of maxims such as 'The King can do no wrong,' 'The King never dies.' John Bull is subjected to a shower of raillery and expostulation throughout the series, which, though amusing enough, has lost some of its point now that times have changed. But these lectures are more heavily charged than usual with ephemeral matter, and they do not, on the whole, exhibit the range of his powers so well as the preceding series.

A few years later Newman had occasion, in the only excursion he ever made into purely secular affairs, to undertake a more penetrating analysis of the English character and the English constitution. The frightful sufferings which departmental mismanagement was

inflicting on the troops in the Crimea had aroused great public indignation, and a once famous pamphlet entitled *Whom Shall We Hang?* had a wide sale. Newman's contribution to the debate took the form of a series of letters headed *Who's to Blame?* which he contributed to a Roman Catholic newspaper and did well to reprint in his collected works. Like others of his occasional writings and some of his poems, these letters irresistibly provoke speculation as to what he might have accomplished had things been otherwise, and he had felt himself able to allow his literary powers a freer exercise. In this instance he anticipates Matthew Arnold in the lucid thought and urbane irony which he brings to bear on our national habits. But there are no crochets in Newman's social philosophy; he is a sturdy realist. His thesis is the familiar one that the British Constitution is adapted to a state of peace, but not of war—his originality lies in the manner of treatment. The meaning of terms such as Government, State, Executive are discussed with a clearness that would make this portion of the letters an excellent elementary introduction to political theory. The Englishman's suspicion of the State is too strong to allow of his trusting his military and political leaders as implicitly as his common sense leads him to trust the expert in the daily affairs of life. 'England, surely, is the paradise of little men and the purgatory of great ones. May I never be a Minister of State or a Field-Marshal. I'd be an individual self-respecting Briton, in my own private castle, with the *Times* to see the world by, and

pen and paper to scribble off withal to some public point, and set the world right.' The State depends, in the last resort, on material force; material force means an army. Now (and the unmilitary Victorians needed a reminder of the fact) there is such a thing as the science and art of war, which, for its perfection, should be a matter of study and tradition. But danger lurks in a strong army no less than a strong Church; so 'three precautions have been taken with the soldier and the parson, borrowed from the necessary treatment of wild animals, (1) to tie him up, (2) to pare his claws, (3) to keep him low; then he will be both safe and useful; the result is a National Church and a Constitutional Army,' and he proceeds to illustrate the application of each of these modes of treatment. This quality in the British Constitution is inevitable; it makes England the best country in the world to live in, especially, he adds, for a Roman Catholic. However, you cannot have it both ways, and, in the circumstances, you should be chary of going to war. If you do go to war, and for a time make a mess of it, don't blame the authorities.

Mention should also be made of another literary effort prompted by the Crimea war, viz., a set of lectures on the history of the Turks. The ancient and hereditary enemies of the Faith exercised on Newman the same kind of fascination as did the anti-Christian historian of the Decline and Fall. He deals with the history of the Ottoman power from its dim beginnings in the ancient Scythians down to the event, viz., the Battle of Lepanto, at which it ceased to be a

direct menace to Western Europe. Though disclaiming any pretence to original research, these lectures evidently embody the results of a good deal of reading and provide an interesting general survey of what is an unknown province of history to most of us.

But we must return a moment to the Birmingham lectures, on account of an incident which, though its details are not worth recalling, caused Newman a long period of anxiety. He had occasion in the course of these to deal extremely faithfully with the previous history of a disreputable ex-monk called Achilli, who, after getting into trouble in Italy, was drawing large audiences as an anti-Popery lecturer in England. The following denunciation, which was succeeded by a very explicit series of charges against Achilli's moral character, probably lost nothing from the 'silvery sweetness of voice and subdued manner' with which the lectures are stated to have been delivered :—

'And in the midst of outrages such as these, wiping its mouth, and clasping its hands, and turning up its eyes it [*i.e.*, the public] trudges to the Town Hall to hear Dr. Achilli expose the Inquisition. Ah! Dr. Achilli; I might have spoken of him last week had time admitted of it. The Protestant world flocks to hear him because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church. He has something to tell, it is true; he *has* a scandal to reveal, he *has* an argument to exhibit. It is a simple one, and a powerful one, as far as it goes—and it is *one*. That one argument is himself; it is his presence which is the triumph of Protestants; it is the sight of him which is a Catholic's confusion. It is, indeed, a confusion that our Holy Mother could have

had a priest like him. He feels the force of the argument, and he shows himself to the multitude that is gazing upon him. " Mother of families," he seems to say, " gentle maidens, innocent children, look at me, for I am worth looking at. You do not see such a sight every day. Can any Church live over the reputation of such a production as I am. I have been a Roman priest and a hypocrite; I have been a profligate under a cowl." '

Newman was indicted for libel, and, though sentenced to a fine of £100 owing to his failure to substantiate his charges to the full satisfaction of the court, he won a moral victory which relegated Achilli to perpetual obscurity. The worst part of his punishment was a pompous lecture, to which he could not reply, from a judge of clerical tendencies on the alleged deterioration his character had undergone of recent years. A welcome event, however, followed in a great and practical manifestation of sympathy from Catholics throughout Europe and America. A large sum of money was collected which more than paid the necessarily heavy expenses of a protracted trial, and this is touchingly commemorated in the dedication of Newman's next book, *The Idea of a University*. With this great work, and the circumstances under which it was written, we must deal in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY AND LITERARY WORK IN CONNECTION THEREWITH

About the time when the Birmingham lectures were being delivered, Newman saw the prospect of a post thoroughly to his mind, viz., the headship of a University. The Undenominational Colleges which had been recently set up by Sir Robert Peel in Ireland were not satisfactory to the majority of the Irish Catholic Episcopate, whose hostility to 'mixed education' was shared by their English colleagues at that time. A Catholic University was demanded, at least in appearance, and the Pope approved the institution of one in Dublin. Newman accepted the invitation of the Irish Bishops readily enough, though with some misgivings as to the practicability of the scheme.

The success of some preliminary lectures which he delivered in Dublin raised his hopes. But he was soon to find that the path of constructive work was not to run smooth in Ireland, especially for an Englishman. The Famine of 1846–1847 had done nothing to improve the relations between the two countries, and Ireland had hardly yet recovered from that ghastly visitation. 'Young Ireland' had arisen, and was to prove one of the numerous disturbing factors with which Newman was confronted. On arriving in

Dublin, Newman had been astonished by the dislike of England which he found prevailing; the Irish, however, showed themselves quite prepared to except an individual from their dislike of a nation, and he himself was welcomed cordially enough.

Of the scope of the proposed University Newman took the widest view. It was to comprise at the outset faculties of Arts (with, it is interesting to note, special attention to Celtic literature), Theology and Medicine. The Medical School was to be extended, if possible, into a great Science school equipped with laboratories. General amenities were not to be neglected; a theatre was to be licensed for attendance by undergraduates; and social life was to be fostered in every possible way. Above all, Newman was determined that the University should not, if he could help it, be priest-ridden. It would be little exaggeration to say that, having previously tried to graft a seminary on to Oxford, he was now trying to graft Oxford on to a seminary. Sensitive as always to the intellectual needs of the time, he wished to make the University a centre for an educated Catholic laity, and, in its conduct, to defer as much as possible to lay opinion.

These views were not, however, those of the ecclesiastical authorities. Vexatious negotiations and delays followed, the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Cullen, seeing with alarm 'the possibility of something like a Catholic intellectual republic.'[1] Newman wished to appoint as professors a consider-

[1] Ward, I, p. 369.

able number of Catholic laymen, English as well as Irish, and some of these last from the ranks of 'Young Ireland.' Also, he would have preferred the English Cardinal Wiseman as Chancellor of the new foundation. It is no wonder that the relations between Newman and the Irish Archbishop became strained.

In these circumstances, it was not until 1854 that the scheme was formalised by a Papal Brief, which contained a complimentary reference to Newman. Meanwhile, some of the Irish Bishops had made Newman feel the deep gulf which was fixed between him and them, a gulf which could not be bridged by the fact that Newman had just been described by the highest authority as '*egregiis animi dotibus ornatus*.' He was forced to think that, for the sake of his influence, he ought to be a titular Bishop himself. The genial Pius IX made no difficulty. Cardinal Wiseman, who interviewed the Pope on the matter, informed Newman that, smilingly drawing his hands down each side of his breast he (the Pope) added '*e manderemo a Newman la crocetta; faremo lo vescovo di Porfirio o qualche luogo*.' It was at once an understood thing that Newman was to be a Bishop, and some valuable gifts were made to him in anticipation. But in the event *la crocetta*, prevented by some hostile influence, never arrived. To Newman's annoyance, an indiscreet lady asked the Pope point blank 'why he did not make Father Newman a Bishop.' She reported that His Holiness 'looked much confused and took a great deal of snuff.'[1] Newman

[1] Ward, I, pp. 330, 358.

was not the man to attempt to reopen the matter, and when, in later years and altered circumstances, a hostile authority considered that an effectual mode of muzzling him would be to procure for him the same dignity, he would have none of it.

As regards the progress of the University, a great deal necessarily depended upon Dr. Cullen, and Dr. Cullen was an exceedingly wary man. Having a firm hold on the great administrative principle that letters, if left long enough unanswered, answer themselves, he acted accordingly, and, generally speaking, dealt with Newman's aspiring projects in a spirit of slow caution which seemed excessive even in an ecclesiastical administrator. 'He trusts nobody,' exclaimed Newman in a moment of exasperation; 'I wonder he does not cook his own dinners.' Newman meanwhile, with a devotion that can never be enough admired, was doing his utmost. Never, during his long life, robust in health, and now no longer young, the journeys he felt it his duty to make up and down Ireland, to say nothing of those between Dublin and Birmingham, fatigued him greatly. Irish travelling was neither comfortable nor quick. When at length he got to a town, the humorous jarveys would drive him to the residence of the Protestant instead of to that of the Catholic Bishop. Unable to sleep in four-posted feather beds, he could scarcely keep awake during the clerical dinners organised in his honour. He disliked making impromptu speeches. Most of the people whom he encountered were pessimistic about the whole scheme.

The scheme was, in truth, foredoomed to failure. Even if it had been energetically supported, the demand which the University was designed to supply would not have existed. The middle classes were too poor, and the upper classes could not provide sufficient Catholics. If, again, the University had been intended by its promoters to be much more than a demonstration, it is difficult to believe that they would have chosen Newman to preside over it. They must have known that, admirable as would have been the services which Newman could have rendered to an established University, he had not the driving force necessary to make a success of a struggling institution. Moreover, an inability to judge character such as he had shown, for example, years before when he very unnecessarily feared that Whateley might wish to take him to Ireland, and such as, on the present occasion, led him to invite of all people the ecclesiastic who afterwards became Cardinal Manning to be his right-hand man, would not have been a qualification for a difficult post of this kind.

Some sort of a start was, however, made, and Newman entered into regular residence in Dublin. The church—designed for the University—which now stands on St. Stephen's Green was built out of the surplus of the Achilli subscriptions. A number of professors were appointed, some lectures were given, but, except for the Medical School, little came of it. After some five or six years of thankless anxiety and toil Newman resigned, and conveyed his resignation to each of the Bishops individually by means of letters

carefully graded in eight descending degrees of cordiality. The Archbishop of Armagh gets three or four substantial paragraphs, 'begging you to believe that I shall retain to the end of my life a most grateful recollection of your uniform kindness to me.' The Archbishop of Tuam, whom Newman regarded as St. Paul regarded Alexander the copper-smith, gets the following:

March 1857.

'I beg to acquaint your Grace that the term of years is now nearly completed which I proposed to myself to devote to the service of your University, and it is my intention to resign the office of Rector with which you have honoured me next St. Laurence's day, November 14th.'

Newman returned to his quiet Birmingham home, sick at heart.

In spite of this great incidental disappointment, and of many more which were still to come, it is important to observe the influence, at once liberating and invigorating, which the Church of his adoption exerted on Newman. His Catholic sermons are superior in purely literary merit to those of his Anglican days, and his London and Birmingham lectures have a freedom and a force which he had scarcely had occasion to display previously. His spirit had found its natural home, and his intellect, satisfied but not idle, was the freer to display its powers. Contact with the immemorial history, the world-embracing scope and the immense experience of affairs divine and human possessed by the Church of Rome

had wrought in him a catholicity of outlook which increased with years. This is well illustrated by his idea of the scope and purpose of University Education which he expounded in his Dublin lectures. His idea of a University as the living focus of all sciences was, as Pattison remarks, certainly not derived from the Oxford of his own day; and it must be added, as contemporary observers have pointed out, he himself had done nothing to broaden the outlook or to improve the teaching. Some essential elements of his ideal he did indeed derive from unreformed Oxford; but to these was added a more generous conception of the range of studies necessary for the vitality of a University.

Newman defines his idea of a University in a volume which comprises nine set discourses on University teaching, followed by some occasional lectures and essays on various educational topics. The former are far the more important, but the latter also contain much worthy of attention, including an admirable address on 'Literature,' a popular lecture on 'Discipline of the Mind' and some papers on Elementary Studies. One remarkable feature of these essays is that, whatever else they may be, they are not dull. Elementary Composition and Elementary Latin and Greek are made interesting, not to say exciting. They would almost lead one to suppose that the proverbial dulness which attaches to the topic of Education is partly due to practitioners who have at any rate succeeded in transferring to their subject matter a native quality of their own. One or two

features of Newman's essays may be singled out. He will have nothing to do with the notion of a primrose path to knowledge. 'Do not,' he urges, 'say education when you mean amusement.' He puts his finger unerringly on popular fallacies. 'I will tell you, Gentlemen, what has been the practical error of the last twenty years. . . . It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind with an unmeaning profusion of subjects, of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement of mind, which it is not.' Incidentally, he touches on the question of Classical Studies *v.* Useful Knowledge, a controversy of which the antiquity is not always realised. He recalls the attack made on Classical Studies by Locke at the end of the seventeenth and by the Edinburgh Reviewers early in the nineteenth centuries, and lingers fondly on the part played by his old college in defending their claim to be the foundation of a liberal education against Jeffery, Sydney Smith, and Playfair.

It is, however, to the nine discourses on University Teaching that Walter Pater was alluding when that fastidious critic cited Newman's volume as an example of the perfect handling of a theory. Their theological standpoint will no doubt continue to prevent them gaining the widest acceptance. They are also weighted —as is inevitable—with some antiquated matter and forgotten allusions; and the literal interpretation accorded to certain incidental quotations from the Old Testament will surprise present-day readers. None

the less, they discuss certain fundamental principles of Education with a luminousness of illustration and a beauty of style that no other educational treatise in the language has approached, much less equalled.

University Reform was, then as at more recent times, a burning question; Royal Commissions on Oxford and Cambridge had been appointed shortly before Newman went to Dublin. He was not, however, greatly concerned with the questions that were agitating the older English Universities, except, it is just worth noting, on one point. He was in favour of strengthening the University against the Colleges, and criticised subsequent legislation for its weakness in this particular. Generally speaking, however, he has his eye on the particular occasion, and is concerned to insist that a University must be a place where all branches of knowledge can be taught, and that colleges and tutors, no less than professors, are essential to its well-being. On the intellectual side, a University is for him simply a place of Education, not of Research. Research he delegates to bodies such as the Royal Society in England and the various Academies abroad, which are exclusively devoted to the advancement of knowledge. The principle that a University should in fact fulfil both aims is now generally accepted, but its acceptance does not invalidate Newman's recognition of the difference between the teacher and, in the real meaning of the word, the researcher. 'To discover and to teach are distinct functions, and are not commonly found united in the same person. He who spends his day in dispensing his existing know-

ledge to all comers is unlikely to have either leisure or energy to acquire new.'

True to the English tradition, 'if a practical end,' he says, 'must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society.' Instruction is not sufficient.

'I protest to you, Gentlemen, that if I had to choose between a so-called University, which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence, and gave its degrees to any person who passed an examination in a wide range of subjects, and a University which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years, and then sent them away as the University of Oxford is said to have done some sixty years since, if I were asked which of these two methods was the better discipline of the intellect—mind, I do not say which is *morally* the better, for it is plain that compulsory study must be a good and idleness an intolerable mischief—but if I must determine which of the two courses was the more successful in training, moulding, enlarging the mind, which sent out men the more fitted for their secular duties, which produced better public men, men of the world, men whose names would descend to posterity, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that University which did nothing, over that which exacted of its members an acquaintance with every science under the sun.'

In instituting his own University Newman was, as we have seen, under the necessity of keeping a middle path between two opposite tendencies, that of solving

the Theological difficulty by excluding Theology from the purview of a University altogether, and that of imposing on a University the theological atmosphere and the disciplinary strictness of a seminary. In the earlier discourses he is concerned to vindicate the claims of Theology to a place in University studies. Their permanent value lies in their exposition of the respective limitations and the mutual interaction of the various sciences, and their high conception of the philosophy which should inform the whole :—

'As they all belong to one and the same circle of objects, they are one and all connected together; as they are but aspects of things, they are severally incomplete in their relation to the things themselves, though complete in their own idea and for their own respective purposes; on both accounts they at once need and subserve each other. And further, the comprehension of the bearings of one science on another, and the use of each to each, and the location and limitation and adjustment and due appreciation of them all, one with another, this belongs, I conceive, to a sort of science distinct from all of them, and in some sense a science of sciences, which is my own conception of what is meant by Philosophy, in the true sense of the word and of a philosophical habit of mind, and which in these Discourses I shall call by that name.'

The succeeding discourses (V–VII) are occupied with a luminous discussion of the principles governing a Liberal as distinct from a Professional (or Technical) Education. 'It were well,' he considers, 'if the

English like the Greek language possessed some definite word to express, simply and generally, intellectual proficiency or perfection, such as "health" as used with reference to the animal frame, and "virtue" with reference to our moral nature. I am not able to find such a term—talent, ability, genius, belong distinctly to the raw material, which is the subject matter, not to that excellence which is the result of exercise and training.' He proceeds to illustrate the essential difference between a liberal education, which has for its object the health of the mind as such, and a professional education, which is subservient to a particular and practical end.

'Why this distinction? because that alone is liberal knowledge which stands on its own pretensions, which is independent of sequel, expects no complement, refuses to be *informed* (as it is called) by any end, or absorbed into any art, in order duly to present itself to our contemplation. The most ordinary pursuits have this specific character, if they are self-sufficient and complete; the highest lose it, when they minister to something beyond them. It is absurd to balance, in point of worth and importance, a treatise on reducing fractures with a game of cricket or a fox-chase; yet of the two the bodily exercise has that quality which we call "liberal," and the intellectual has it not. And so of the learned professions altogether, considered merely as professions; although one of them be the most popularly beneficial, and another the most politically important, and the third the most intimately divine of all human pursuits, yet the very greatness of their end, the health of the body, or of the common-

wealth, or of the soul, diminishes, not increases, their claim to the appellation "liberal," and that still more if they are cut down to the strict exigencies of that end.'

With his weather eye always on current theories, he combats certain educational heresies which flourished unchecked in that day and seemed to rest upon a false psychology. Large hopes were, as we have already seen, based on the 'Diffusion of Useful Knowledge' among 'the masses.' Newman exposed with great force the fallacy underlying this metaphor, as though knowledge, in any real sense of the word, were a commodity that could be distributed from stock to all such as chose to apply.[1] Following in the footsteps of Plato—whom, however, he does not mention—he laid down the principles which govern the enlargement of the human mind:—

'. . . It is plain, first, that the communication of knowledge certainly is either a condition or the means of that sense of enlargement or enlightenment of which at this day we hear so much in certain quarters: this cannot be denied; but next, it is equally plain, that such communication is not the whole of the process. The enlargement consists, not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards and among these new ideas, which are rushing in upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning

[1] This metaphor is taken from Professor Burnet's Romanes Lecture of 1923.

the matter of our acquirements; it is a making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, or, to use a familiar word, it is a digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought; and without this no enlargement is said to follow. There is no enlargement, unless there be a comparison of ideas, one with another, as they come before the mind, and a systematizing of them. We feel our minds to be growing and expanding *then*, when we not only learn, but refer what we learn to what we know already. It is not the mere addition to our knowledge that is the illumination, but the locomotion, the movement onwards, of that mental centre, to which both what we know, and what we are learning, the accumulating mass of our acquirements, gravitates.'

In the last two Discourses, 'Knowledge and Religious Duty' and 'Duties of the Church towards Knowledge,' he returns to considerations mainly religious. In the first of the two, he enlarges on a topic which he has frequently illustrated elsewhere, viz., the distinction between the type of character grounded on motives distinctively religious, and that formed by the influences of education and civilisation. The highest example of the latter he finds in the English conception of a gentleman, which he describes in one of the best-known passages of his writings.

In the second series of essays prompted by his Dublin experience he deals with University life and teaching from the historical point of view (*Historical Sketches*, Series I). To claim that they gain any attraction from their subject matter would be optimistic, but their subject matter is at least more alive than that

of some others of Newman's essays, and the style shows him at his maturest. They were, moreover, elicited by a definite occasion, nearly always the motive of Newman's best writing. He was not now concerned to refute heretics, educational or ecclesiastical, and moves at his ease, now grave, now gay, now stately, now absolutely informal. With Oxford always in his mind, he desiderates beauty of situation for his ideal University. A glowing description is given of Athens, as the University of the Ancient World, and we follow the fortunes of a freshman arriving at the city under the Early Roman Empire. With obvious knowledge, but no pretence to deep research, he describes the Sophists, the Athenian schools, the ancient University of Dublin, Oxford, L'École des hautes Études, and discusses the functions of professors, tutors and colleges. The key-note of the series is found in the essay called 'Discipline and Influence.' It is a delightful account, something in the manner of an eighteenth-century essayist, of an imaginary conversation with an old friend, in a garden which is clearly that of Newman's early home at Ham. The respective claims of personality, represented by the schools of Athens, and of system, represented by those of Rome and of Macedon, are discussed in reference to the nascent Catholic University. As a contrast in subject and style, we may instance the noble panegyrics of the Papacy, to which the subject gives obvious occasion, as illustrated by St. Gregory the Great and by Pius IX. Among all his works, these 'University sketches' are those in which a reader hitherto unfamiliar with Newman would do

well to begin. To taste their full flavour, they should be read after a course of Macaulay.

Particular mention must also be made of a singularly graceful sketch, written a little later, called 'The Mission of St. Benedict.' It would be hard to find a better popular introduction to the Rise of Monasticism in the West, or a more judicious celebration of the great Order which it would be little exaggeration to call the nursing-mother of European civilisation. The two essays are touched with poetic feeling, but are none the worse for that, especially as Newman's eye is always on the facts. He quotes the luscious language of a topographical writer on Beaulieu Abbey: 'The deep woods, with which it is almost environed, throw an air of gloom and solemnity over the scene, well suited to excite religious emotions; while the stream that glides by its side afforded to the recluse a striking emblem of human life; and at the same time that it soothed his mind by a gentle murmuring led it to serious thought by its continual irrevocable lesson.' Stuff of this kind always irritated Newman, and his style becomes tense at once, as in the presence of an enemy: 'The monks were not so soft as this after all,' he retorts. 'They were not dreamy sentimentalists, to fall in love with melancholy winds and purling rills, and waterfalls and nodding groves; but their poetry was the poetry of hard work and hard fare, unselfish hearts and charitable hands. They could plough and they could reap, they could hedge and ditch, they could drain, they could lop, they could carpenter, they could thatch, they could make hurdles

for their huts, they could make a road, they could divert or secure the streamlet's bed, they could bridge a torrent.' St. Benedict, he adds, is the true Man of Ross, quoting a few of Pope's beautiful lines. The process by which the original rule of seclusion was modified in accordance with the exigencies of an expanding religious effort having been lightly but clearly indicated, Newman devotes especial attention to what was the principal instance of such modification, viz., the literary and educational employments of the monks in the Dark Ages. Historical and linguistic studies, especially the former, have been characteristic of the Benedictines from that time to this, and Newman illustrates how, in their adoption of these studies, and their relative avoidance of technical theology, they have been faithful to the original spirit of their rule. Incidentally he breaks a lance with those historians who would under-estimate the classical learning possessed by the earlier Benedictines. He rejoices to find an analogy between the spirit of their Rule and that of his favourite poet borne out by an ancient and producible authority. In general, 'The Benedictines instinctively recognised,' he says, 'in the graceful simplicity of Virgil or of Horace, in his dislike of the great world, of political contests and of ostentatious splendour, in his unambitious temper and love of the country an analogous gift to that religious repose, that distaste for controversy and that innocent cheerfulness, which were the special legacy of St. Benedict to his children.'

CHAPTER VII

AFTER DUBLIN

Nothing seemed to go right with Newman for six or seven years after his return from Dublin. It was first suggested that he should undertake the supervision of a Catholic version of the Scriptures. This, again, would have been a thoroughly congenial work; we know that, in his new life, he had missed the Authorised Version more than anything else connected with the Anglican Church. But the project came to nothing; the authorities lost interest in it before long; and a proposal that Newman should co-operate with American translators in a matter which concerned the niceties of the English language did not please him. Nor did greater success attend certain journalistic enterprises into which he was unwillingly dragged. He became editor for a short time of a Catholic review, called the *Rambler*, which did not commend itself to the hierarchy. A Bishop delated to Rome as heretical an article he wrote touching the functions of the laity in the Church. Though spared a formal censure, he was effectively made to feel that he was in the hands of a power which might at any moment crush him. There were other matters working against him. The Pope was being shorn of much of his territory at the time, and it was rumoured that Newman, who did not

believe that territorial sovereignty was vitally connected with the claims and the mission of the Papacy, was 'unsound on the question of the Temporal Power.' Monsignor Talbot, who filled a confidential post about the Pope, was believed by Newman, at any rate, to have spread around in Rome a grotesque report that he had subscribed to Garibaldi's campaign. Newman came to be definitely under a cloud, and had only too good reason to fear that a charge of dangerous intellectualism and heretical leanings generally might at any moment rob him and his writings of all authority. Accordingly he ceased to publish and even to write.

Monsignor Talbot, the ecclesiastic above mentioned, was, like Newman, a convert from the Church of England. Of Irish descent, he belonged essentially to a branch of the human family which is independent of nationality. A certain geniality had recommended him to Pius IX, and a combination of circumstances gave him an accidental influence on the affairs of the Roman Catholic Church in England during some important years. He was not exactly an ill-meaning man, but it is quite impossible to comment upon character when one is dealing with people like Monsignor Talbot, and Monsignor Talbot stands confessed in his letters, a selection of which can be read in Manning's official biography and must be read to be believed. He had struck a firm alliance with the remarkable man who was soon to rise into power and to play an important part in Newman's life. Henry Edward Manning had been converted from the English to the Roman Church some five years after Newman, and had brought

thereto administrative and diplomatic ability of the very highest order, together with powers of writing and preaching which were by no means despicable. To these he added a practical concern for the welfare of the poor which it would be most unfair to attribute solely to motives of policy; in particular, his unwillingness to build a cathedral in view of the circumstances of the majority of his people testifies to his sincerity. Manning and Newman had been well acquainted in their Anglican days. Newman had, as we have seen, invited Manning to accompany him as his Vice-Rector to Ireland, but Manning had been too wise to have anything to do with the Dublin University. The two men fell apart in their new surroundings, and Manning on his upward path identified himself with the party hostile to Newman. Sincerely anxious to do what seemed best for his Church against many antagonists, and conscious of the great powers which he possessed, it would have been asking too much of human nature, at any rate of ambitious and administrative human nature, if Manning had not used the great opportunity provided for him by the steady friendship of Monsignor Talbot. As Manning's principal biographer puts it, in one of those passages the like of which have surely not often been published in a serious work in two volumes, 'If Monsignor Talbot had the ear of the Pope, the tongue which spoke in whispers was not Talbot's."[1]

Newman, meanwhile, continued the even tenor of his way in the Birmingham Oratory, preserving, as

[1] Purcell, *Life of Manning*, II, p. 87.

far as the outside world was concerned, an unbroken silence. Although—as his volume of *Meditations and Devotions* testifies and as we should know without it—he had no lack of consolation other than could be provided by the exercise of a gift to which he never professed to attach great importance, this abstention from writing for writing's sake is both remarkable in itself and has been often remarked. Powers of expression such as he possessed must, one would have thought, have imperatively claimed some sort of outlet. But this abnegation was of a piece with his whole character. A priest first and foremost, he would seldom write, and could never write his best, without a call, and, as we have seen, his Church had not the least intention of making any such call upon him. He was not a 'literary man.' His serious studies lay almost entirely in the domain of theology and ecclesiastical history; for indiscriminate reading he had by this time little taste, and he was also very sensitive to the ethical import of what he read. With foreign literature he had very little acquaintance; those, by the way, who think that things would have gone better with him if he had known German are welcome to their opinion. Among English authors his favourites are said to have been, in poetry, Wordsworth and Crabbe, and, of the novelists, Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray and Trollope. Of the major prophets of the Victorian era he seems to have read nothing; but then, as someone has remarked, prophets do not read one another. Nor did literary society come his way; there is no record of his having had the slightest

personal acquaintance with any of the greatest writers of his time.

'You were rating me,' he says to a correspondent, 'for several years, because I did not write; but if I had attempted, it would be a failure, like a boy's theme. But when the real occasion came [*i.e.*, in the *Apologia*] I succeeded. I almost think it is part of the English character, though in this day there seems a change certainly, Grote, Thirlwall, Milman, Cornewall Lewis, Mill have written great works for their own sake. So did Gibbon last century, but he was half a Frenchman. Our great writers have generally written on occasion—controversially, as Burke or Milton; officially as Blackstone—for money as Dryden, Johnson, Scott, etc., or in Sibyl's leaves as Addison and the Essayists.'

He grew more and more attached to the Oratory, which he seldom left. It would, however, be a mistake to regard the life he led there as either morose or unsocial. He had a band of devoted friends around him, he took great interest in the Oratory School, his violin was a constant resource, and he was very fond of gardening. Also, if his pen was idle in one direction, it was busy in another, viz., in the conduct of a huge correspondence. This correspondence was by no means confined to members of his own Church, though it is evident that he was approached by every Catholic who thought himself entitled to write to him on any matter as it came up, apart, that is, from the small but influential section who were definitely hostile to him. Nor is this surprising, for Newman is a delightful letter writer. He keeps

all his irony and sarcasm for those who could look after themselves; but when he comes to deal with ordinary folk, the tedious, the perplexed and the muddle-headed, he combines an exquisite courtesy with the patience of Job. In sympathetic feeling for his correspondent's point of view, and in letters of courtesy and acknowledgment, he is particularly happy. His unstudied letters dealing with every-day affairs have no slight measure of the charm which often attaches to the correspondence of those who lead very quiet lives.

By the English public he was forgotten, and his books had little sale. In gloomier moments he felt himself an old man who had not done what he might have done with the talents entrusted to him, and had now but little to look forward to except death. The authorities of the Church for which he had given up so much looked coldly on him, and he was acutely conscious of it. A passage from his Journal of 1863 [1] shows his feelings in this respect:—

'At Propaganda conversions and nothing else are the proof of doing anything. . . and further still . . . they must be splendid conversions of great men, noble men, learned men, not simply of the poor. It must be recollected that at Rome they have had visions of the whole of England coming over to the Church. . . . But I am altogether different, my objects, my theory of acting, my powers go in a different direction and one not understood or contemplated at Rome or elsewhere. . . . To me conversions were not the first thing, but the edification of Catholics. So much have

[1] Ward, I, p. 584.

I fixed upon the latter as my object that up to this time the world persists in saying that I recommend Protestants not to become Catholics. And when I have given as my true opinion that I am afraid to make hasty converts of educated men lest they should not have counted the cost, and should have difficulties after they have entered the Church, I do but imply the same thing, that the Church must be prepared for converts as well as converts be prepared for the Church. How can this be understood in Rome?'

He paid a farewell visit to Littlemore about this time, and some deep emotion which he exhibited there seemed to give some colour to the idea that he wished to return to the Anglican Church. Nothing could have been further from his intention. Still, he looked wistfully back at old times and old friends. He met by chance in the streets of London a clergyman who had been his curate at Littlemore many years before. The notes he writes to his old colleague pressing him again and yet again to pay a visit to the Oratory speak volumes. He eagerly seized any chance of hearing the Oxford news of the day; no gossip was too trivial, no detail was too minute to satisfy his curiosity; any reference in a newspaper was followed up, if necessary, with a map; a later visitor was astonished to find that he had located the precise spot in a backwater where a boating accident had happened.

So he continued until the beginning of 1864, when he was suddenly to re-emerge into the fullest light of publicity. The thrice-told tale must be told again in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII

THE *APOLOGIA* AND AFTERWARDS

One day at the end of December 1863 Newman received from an unknown hand a copy of the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, an important monthly periodical of whose existence he had been previously unaware. Following a pencil indication, he found, above the initials C. K. (Charles Kingsley), a review of volumes VII and VIII of Froude's *History of England*, which contained a genial reference to himself. 'Truth for its own sake has never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his doctrine be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so.' Newman requested to be informed of any passage in his works where he had taught the doctrine attributed to him. Kingsley replied by stating that he believed his words to be just from many passages of Newman's writings and referring in particular to a sermon, called *Wisdom and Innocence*, which Newman had published as an Anglican twenty years before. That the sermon did not fairly bear any such interpretation, and

that Kingsley ought to have offered Newman a full apology is now universally admitted. But all that he would, after pressure, consent to say was this: 'Dr. Newman has by letter expressed, in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning I have put on his words. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him.' Nor did he make any attempt to justify his accusation from specific passages in Newman's Catholic writings. Newman, who as a rule ignored attacks of this kind, paid Kingsley the appalling compliment of treating him as a combatant in his own class. He published a pamphlet containing the quite mild correspondence that had passed and, having in this manner found the range, ended with a burst of fire.

'Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming—"O the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it. There's Father Newman to wit: one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a Priest, writing of Priests, tells us that lying is never any harm."

'I interpose: "You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where."

'Mr. Kingsley replies: "You said it, Reverend Sir, in a sermon which you preached, when a Protestant, as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you."

'I make answer: "Oh . . . *Not,* it seems, as a

Priest speaking of Priests;—but let us have the passage."

'Mr. Kingsley relaxes: "Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said."

'I rejoin. "*Mean* it. I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic."

'Mr. Kingsley replies: "I waive that point!"

'I object. "Is it possible! What? waive the main question! I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me, direct, distinct, public. You are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly;—or to own you can't."

'"Well," says Mr. Kingsley, "if you are quite sure you never said it, I'll take your word for it; I really will."

'My *word!* I am dumb. Somehow I thought it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a Professor of lying, that he does not lie!

'But Mr. Kingsley re-assures me: "We are both gentlemen," he says; "I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another."

'I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all, it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. "Habemus confitentem reum."

'So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott! "I left Baby Charles and Steenie laying his duty before him," says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno: "O Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the quilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence."'

That ' lying was never any harm ' was not precisely the statement that was imputed, though it was a pardonable enough exaggeration. Kingsley, whose whole bearing showed a ludicrous surprise that the object of his attack felt hurt, conceived himself to be deeply injured by the above display of verbal fence. Newman's position must, however, be remembered. He saw just the possibility that he might be able to vindicate himself from a quarter of a century's not unnatural misrepresentation if only he could get Kingsley well into the open. A more prudent or a less courageous man than Kingsley would now have held his peace, but he returned to the attack with a courage which makes it all the more regrettable that, in his conduct of it, he can be credited with no other virtue. Of his reply, entitled *What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?* it can only be said that it is intolerable. In this production, he combined ridicule of the Tractarian hagiology, and abuse of a Roman casuist with whom Newman had nothing to do, with, it is certainly true, some more serious criticism of the implications of certain passages in Newman's writings —all tending to support his conclusion that Newman was a fool if he believed, and a knave if he did not believe, some portions of his own teaching. The real indictment of Kingsley is not that many elements in Newman's teaching were not legitimate subjects for Protestant criticism, but that his manners were outrageous, and that he made not the least effort to understand the mentality of the man whom he so coarsely attacked. He mistrusted the argumenta-

tive subtlety which the exigencies of Newman's career had ground to the keenest edge. He also, it is pretty evident, disliked a feminine strain which undoubtedly existed in Newman's complex character and is evinced by, among other indications, the tone of the incriminated sermon, with its glorification of a sort of meekness which its author, to do him justice, was far from displaying himself. Impelled by an honest dislike of many elements in Newman's teaching, Kingsley hit out wildly, and, in one crucial instance, hit decidedly below the belt. 'I am henceforth,' he wrote, 'in doubt and fear, as much as an honest man can be, concerning every word Dr. Newman may write. How can I tell that I shall not be the dupe of some cunning equivocation, of one of the three kinds laid down as permissible by the blessed St. Alfonso da Liguori and his pupils even when confirmed with an oath, because "then we do not deceive our neighbour, but allow him to deceive himself."' It was an unpardonable thing to say.

General interest had by now been aroused; Kingsley was at the height of his fame; Newman's previous existence was recalled; and the British public formed a ring round the combatants. So influential a journal as the *Spectator* manifested some disapproval of Kingsley's mode of attack. Newman now saw his opportunity of setting himself right with average educated opinion. But how was he to use it? Kingsley's charges, which in effect impeached his whole career from his later Anglican days, needed a long refutation, but a long book would not be read.

After some rapid deliberation, he hit on the happy plan of issuing his reply in weekly parts, a plan which, by dint of writing now sixteen and now twenty-two hours at a stretch, he managed to carry through. Thus was born the best known of his works, the *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (1864).

With practised skill in arrangement, and with due regard to the mode of publication, Newman devoted the first instalment to an eminently scientific handling of Kingsley, whom he left on the floor, and to a singularly dignified plea for a fair hearing in view of the circumstances of his past life. 'And now,' he concludes, 'I am in a train of thought higher and more serene than any which slanders can disturb. Away with you, Mr. Kingsley, and fly into space. Your name shall occur again as little as I can help it in the course of these pages. I shall henceforth occupy myself not with you, but with your charges.' In the next, he explained that the true method of meeting Kingsley's charges was to give to the world his religious autobiography. He accordingly proceeded to a history of his religious opinions, from childhood to his reception into the Roman Church, concluding with a general and exceedingly powerful answer to the spirit of Kingsley's indictment. The technical details of the whole matter, which Newman very justly considered would not interest the public for whom he was writing, were relegated to an appendix at the end, and a minute and merciless dissection it provides of Kingsley's blundering accusations. Among other matters which are dealt with is that of 'Economy,' in the theological

sense. So far as there was any question beyond the personal one this was, I suppose, the main point at issue between the combatants, but it was not seriously discussed by either. Newman explains and illustrates the meaning of 'Economy,' viz., 'that out of various courses, in religious conduct or statement, *allowable antecedently and in themselves* (italics his), that ought to be taken which is most expedient and most suitable at the time for the object in hand.' The last section of the appendix is devoted to an elaborate and wonderfully subtle dissertation on 'Lying and Equivocation,' of which the outcome is to show, as one would expect, that Newman is of the opinion of all sensible men as to the extent to which verbal deception is, on extraordinary occasions, permissible. 'I can fancy myself,' he says, very characteristically, 'thinking it was allowable in extreme cases for me to lie, but never to equivocate.' [1]

Mr. Bernard Shaw says somewhere that the proper method of attaining truth in matters of fact, and the method adopted in practice, is not to listen to the idiot who imagines himself to be impartial, but to get the case argued for and against by opponents who do not pretend to that quality, and then strike the balance.

[1] The form of the *Apologia* was greatly changed in all editions subsequent to the first, which is now a rarity. Newman omitted all reference so far as possible to the occasion of the controversy as well as all mention of Kingsley by name, and the polemical portions generally. Recently, however, an excellent edition of the work as it originally appeared has been issued in the 'Scott Library' (the Walter Scott Publishing Company, Ltd.). This edition includes the original correspondence and Kingsley's pamphlet, together with an introduction by the Rev. John Gamble, B.D.

This was the method adopted in the present controversy, and it certainly had the result of placing Newman's intellectual and moral honesty beyond any possibility of question. Such interest, in fact, as Kingsley's pamphlet and the belligerent portions of the *Apologia* still retain lies in this, viz., that they are among the last genuine relics of the heroic age of controversy, when combatants went at it hammer and tongs, with their energy unabated by any lurking consciousness of a possible case for the other side. The charge that, having got his enemy into his net, Newman showed the cool ferocity of an inquisitor rather than the meekness proper to a Christian has been advanced by authorities from whom a modest man will certainly hesitate to differ. But I cannot understand how such a charge can, in substance, survive a reading of Kingsley's pamphlet. Newman was not more than human; being human he had acquired some habits, such as the controversial habit; and it was his order as well as he himself that was attacked on this occasion. Ten years later, however, on the occasion of Kingsley's death, he explained his motives: 'A casual reader would think my language denoted anger,' he wrote—and, we may add, it does look rather like it. But he proceeds to explain that the Kingsley passages were not prompted by anger, but by the knowledge that, as he had found out from experience, no one would believe him to be in earnest unless he spoke strongly. It must be left at that; except for the occasion, he need not have apologised.

If he enjoyed, as possibly he did, the controversial

part of the business, it was otherwise with the autobiography. He has himself told us what that cost him, and he was not exaggerating. An eminently correct and abnormally sensitive man, he was taking an unconventional step which could only be justified by a success of which he could not be certain beforehand. Nor had he, as he would have had to-day, any encouragement from contemporary and polite example in what he proposed to do. He was not only reserved himself, but belonged to a reserved generation.

The *Apologia* is a striking instance of what can be effected by sheer power of style working upon materials not obviously promising. The autobiographical portions are strictly confined to the matter in hand, that is, to the description of the author's changes in religious opinion. Newman's religious opinions were indeed the deepest part of himself, and the differences between the Anglican and the Roman Churches were to him charged with the most profound spiritual import. Much must also be allowed for the greater general interest in theology, especially controversial theology, which undoubtedly prevailed in the middle of the last century. At the time of its appearance, the persons, the ecclesiastical history, the successive phases of Newman's attitude towards the Anglican Church were such as to kindle discussion and recall memories in and beyond every parsonage in the kingdom. But sixty years have passed since then; the incidents are forgotten; and the names retain but the merest shadow of existence in the realms of ecclesiastical and academic history. The author's very practical purpose does not

admit of much general reflection. Reminiscence of persons as persons is also almost entirely excluded; Newman is concerned with opinion alone; he was, in any case, a good deal readier at diagnosing an opinion than at judging a character. Nor has the book the interest attaching to others of its class, which are concerned with a far more radical conversion than any which Newman underwent.

None the less the *Apologia* holds its place as one of the great autobiographies in literature, and as a classic which most educated people may be expected to have read in, if not read through. It retains in a full measure the quality of charm, a quality which defies analysis in letters as in life. It is distinguished by an utter absence of any sort of pose, which is not very common in religious or other autobiographies; the simple and dignified manner in which a sensitive and reserved nature undertook the very uncongenial task of intimate self-revelation lends it a rare attractiveness. The style is a perfect mirror of the varying moods of the writer. Whether his purpose be plain narrative, close argument, precise delineation of a mental state, or the display of an eloquence now pleading and now scornful but always impassioned, the ease with which Newman passes from one to another of most of the uses to which language can be put shows his consummate mastery of his instrument. Even in its middle and least interesting portion there are passages which have the charm of conversation; asides, as it were, of a pathetic quality, born of simplicity and sincerity.

The comparison of Newman with Pascal is one that

readily suggests itself and has often been made. But, owing to the suddennness of its origin, and the severe limitation of its purpose, it would be unfair to compare the *Apologia* with the *Pensées*—those thoughts which illumine, as by a succession of electric flashes, the paradox of Christianity and the dark places of the soul. It is not until Newman has done with the detail of his own history and enters upon the argument which concludes the main body of the work that, in what are the greatest pages he ever wrote, he sounds the depths which Pascal had sounded before him.

'Starting then with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself, into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full; and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror, and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me, when I look into this living, busy world, and see no reflection of its Creator. This is, to me, one of the great difficulties of this absolute primary truth, to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only; and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society; but

these do not warm me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe."

'To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens, so faint and broken, of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world,"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

'What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer, that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence. . . .'

After this, it is difficult to resume the thread of a prosaic narrative.

The *Apologia* wrought a literal revolution in the

general estimation of its author; Newman's fame had a 'second spring' to which there cannot be many parallels. Kingsley frankly and generously acknowledged that he had 'crossed swords with one who was too strong for him.' It was not merely that the *Apologia* threw at any rate some light on what had hitherto seemed to many an inexplicable problem, viz., why it was that Newman had joined the Roman Catholic Church. The book itself, in virtue both of its own qualities and of the memories upon which it drew, profoundly impressed the public imagination. For years Newman had been not only slighted by his Church but forgotten by his fellow-countrymen. Henceforward the daily papers dealt at length with anything he said. Whatever he had sought in his life, it had never been popularity. He had dealt the established religion of the country the greatest blow that it had received since the Wesleyan secession; his religious convictions were bitterly disliked by the vast majority of the population; and it was not solely in religious matters that he had set himself athwart the main currents of his age. None the less, popular opinion now at last recognised him for what he was, and he took his place, not only as the greatest religious genius, but also as one of the greatest writers of the century. To the position which he thus gained in the eyes of the English people the dignity which was finally accorded him added nothing save picturesqueness.

The unfriendly section of his own Church were less moved. 'Singularly interesting, it is like listening

to the voice of one from the dead,' said Manning, whose own name had not been mentioned in the *Apologia* from the first page to the last. Monsignor Talbot, however, observant of success, invited Newman to the pulpit of his own church in Rome, and suggested that he would derive great benefit from 'revisiting Rome and showing himself to the ecclesiastical authorities, who were anxious to see him.' Newman replied in a letter which was scarcely calculated to promote his interests in high quarters, but no doubt he thought it was worth it.

'DEAR MONSIGNOR TALBOT,

'I have received your letter, inviting me to preach next Lent in your church at Rome to "an audience of Protestants more educated than could ever be the case in England."

'However, Birmingham people have souls, and I have neither taste nor talent for the sort of work which you cut out for me. And I beg to decline your offer.

'I am,

'Yours truly,

'JOHN H. NEWMAN.'

The *Apologia* in the event did Newman no good in Rome, or, to speak more strictly, did him no good with those to whom circumstances had given the ear of Pius IX. The antagonism between Newman and Manning, which could not be concealed during their lives, fell after their deaths to be dealt with seriously and at length at the hands of a biographer whose least fault was reticence; and the collisions which took place between the greatest religious genius and the

greatest ecclesiastical statesman of the age stood revealed in all their naked horror. To most people to-day, these revelations will seem to display nothing more than differences of the kind that will always arise in any society this side of the millennium, especially when a man of thought and a man of action are concerned. It cannot indeed be said that Manning, in the exercise of his power, treated Newman well; and this consideration makes it all the more regrettable to be compelled to sacrifice picturesque possibilities to facts. But it would certainly not be in accordance with facts to cast the two men for the respective parts of the hawk and the dove; even though Manning bore some resemblance to the former of those birds, Newman bore no resemblance whatever to the latter. Nor need it be assumed that Manning, in his attitude to Newman, was actuated by jealousy. The services which the two men could and did render to their Church were of a totally different character, and were, as their co-religionists may justly claim, equally recognised in the long run by the highest honour which Rome could bestow. Nor were the virtues entirely on one side. Infinitely rarer as were Newman's gifts, he could no more have been head of the Roman Catholic Church in England than Manning could have written the *Apologia*. Their antagonism, which touched no matter of faith, sprang partly from temperament and partly from policy; in every point in which two men in their positions could differ they differed. Genius is generally an uncomfortable phenomenon in a highly organised body, especially in

one which is endeavouring to expand in a hostile environment. A practical man who conceives it to be his duty to keep the organisation over which he presides moving in a certain direction can have but an imperfect sympathy with a thinker who, infinitely fertile in distinction, and prone to hesitate at the last moment, seems occupied in wondering himself, and causing others to wonder, whether that is the right direction. Not that Newman had much or Manning any doubt on this question. If a broad contrast may be drawn in a few lines, it may be said that Newman, as we have seen, was inclined to think that the definition of Papal Infallibility which was to be pronounced in 1870 might be inopportune though not undoctrinal; that he wished to cultivate friendly relations with the Church of England as providing a bulwark against worse things; and that he was especially concerned for the higher education of the laity. Manning was not immediately concerned with the claims of the intellect or of the laity, but had a clear perception of the necessity for a strong administrative control in difficult times, and the highest view of the efficacy of the Papacy to that end. He saw in Newman a 'watered, literary, worldly Catholicism.' Monsignor Talbot, indeed, went much further, but then what Monsignor Talbot said is of little importance.

Meanwhile, the success of the *Apologia* in England had emboldened Newman to exert himself in a favourite direction. Before its appearance the question had arisen of the Higher Education of Catholics in England, and Newman's desires in this particular will be readily

surmised. He hoped to be able to found a branch of his Oratory at Oxford, with no propagandist intention, but solely for the purpose of safeguarding the religious life of Catholic members of the University. Everything at first seemed to promise well, and the Oratorians managed to acquire an excellent site near Worcester College. But the plan was inhibited, and Newman had to sell the land. A second attempt was made later. Manning had in the interval become Archbishop of Westminster, and was adopting an attitude of all-round conciliation which the unexpectedness of his elevation rendered desirable. The request for an Oratory at Oxford was granted by Propaganda, but—at the last moment a blue envelope arrived conveying an instruction that Newman himself was not to be allowed to go.

'No sort of blame attaches to our Bishop, who is my very good friend,' he wrote. 'He hoped to have made the crooked ways straight, which he could not help existing, for they were not his ways. . . . Do you recollect in "Harold the Dauntless" how the Abbot of Durham gets over the fierce pagan Dane? Since that time there has been a tradition among the Italians that the lay mind is barbaric—fierce and stupid—and is destined to be outwitted, and that fine craft is the true weapon of the Church-men. When I say the lay mind, I speak too narrowly—it is the Teuton, Scandinavian and French mind. Card. Barnabo has been trying his hand on my barbarism—and has given directions that if I take his leave to go to Oxford too literally, I was to be recalled *blande et suaviter*.'

It was a great disappointment, but Newman, well

versed by this time in the 'sad science of renunciation,' recovered from it more quickly than might have been expected. An anonymous attack on him which had been made in a Catholic newspaper led to an incident which pleased him greatly. A meeting of eminent and representative Catholic laymen was hastily convened, and an address presented to him which contained these words: 'We feel that every blow which touches you inflicts a wound upon the Catholic Church in this country.' Dire was the wrath of Monsignor Talbot when the news of this presentation reached Rome. In the course of an agitated correspondence with the new Archbishop, he so far forgot himself as to suggest that, if Manning were not careful, the Pope would begin to regret Cardinal Wiseman, who 'knew how to keep the laity in order.' Manning could not have helped the occurrence; in any case, the implied advice was superfluous.

In order to explain his position as regards the Oxford question, and also with some view of vindicating the correspondence of his teaching with Catholic tradition, Newman despatched two or three of his brother Oratorians to Rome. They got a better reception than they expected; in the eyes of the authorities at headquarters, disputes affecting the Church in one particular country fell back into perspective; and the Oratorians were at first careful to keep out of Monsignor Talbot's range. Monsignor Talbot, however, expressed a desire for reconciliation, and accompanied this expression by some voluble explanations of

past misunderstandings. Newman's letter in reply is so characteristic that it must be given in full :—

'St. Philip's Day, 1867.

'I have received with much satisfaction the report which Father St. John has given me of your conversations with him.

'I know you have a good heart, and I know you did me good service in the Achilli matter—and you got me a relic of St. Athanasius from Venice, which I account a great treasure ; and for these reasons I have been the more bewildered at your having of late years taken so strong a part against me, without (I may say) any real ground whatever ; or rather, I *should* have been bewildered were it not that for now as many as thirty-four years it has been my lot to be misrepresented and opposed without any intermission by one set of persons or another. Certainly I have desiderated in you, as in many others, that charity which thinketh no evil, and have looked in vain for that considerateness and sympathy which is due to a man who has passed his life in attempting to subserve the cause and interests of religion, and who, for the very reason that he has written so much, must, from the frailty of our common nature, have said things which had better not have been said, or left out complements and explanations of what he *has* said which had better have been added.

'I am now an old man, perhaps within a few years of my death, and you can now neither do me good nor harm. I have never been otherwise than well disposed towards you. When you first entered the Holy Father's immediate service, I used to say Mass for you the first day of every month, that you might be prospered at your important post ; and now I shall

say Mass for you seven times, beginning with this week, when we are keeping the Feast of St. Philip, begging him at the same time to gain for you a more equitable judgment of us and a kinder feeling towards us on the part of our friends, than we have of late years experienced.'

Another, and a less successful, effort at reconciliation was made about the same time. Manning, as head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, had reasons for wishing to heal a breach between its brain and its hand which was not making for edification, and made the first approaches through an intermediary. The intermediary, who approached his task in a spirit the reverse of hopeful, was soon edged aside, and the principals got into action. A long correspondence ensued, but to little purpose. 'I have made an attempt to soften Dr. Newman, but he is very difficult,' wrote Manning to Monsignor Talbot. 'We ended by a promise to say Masses for each other.' Two years later epistolary action was again attempted, but to even less purpose, for the conclusion of this correspondence said nothing about Masses. 'On Friday, I hope to leave England,' said Manning, who was setting out for the Vatican Council, 'and, as return is always uncertain, and may at best be distant, I leave with you the assurance that the friendship of so many years, though of late unhappily clouded, is still dear to me.' Newman replied as follows. 'Thank you for your kind letter. I can only repeat what I said when you last heard from me. I do not know whether I am on my head or my heels when I have

active relations with you. In spite of my friendly feelings, this is the judgment of my intellect.' It is not surprising that they scarcely ever met and, except on necessary occasions, never corresponded for the remainder of their lives. 'Do you know what ruined that man?' Cardinal Manning said in old age to Mr. Wilfrid Ward. 'Temper, temper.'

CHAPTER IX

DREAM OF GERONTIUS—GRAMMAR OF ASSENT—LETTER TO THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

In his later years Newman was, his biographer tells us, haunted by the fear of paralysis, a fear for which he seemed to find an alarming justification in the history of writers. In the middle of the Kingsley controversy he had a particularly vivid presentiment of impending death, which he carefully noted at the time. Out of a sudden inspiration which followed this presentiment came the work by which he will chiefly live as a poet, the *Dream of Gerontius*. Published originally in a periodical, it subsequently formed the chief piece in his volume of collected verse issued in 1868. As to its composition: 'On the 17th January last,' he writes to a friend, 'it came into my head to write it; I really can't tell how. And I wrote on until it was finished on small bits of paper, and I could no more write anything else by willing it than I could fly.'

Newman had written little poetry since his Mediterranean voyage. On this occasion, he seems to have been inspired by some mysterious incident of experience, and this impression is not weakened by the style

of the poem which, though touched with the indefinable quality of poetry, is singularly unadorned, and recalls his prose in its precision, restraint, and melody. The *Dream of Gerontius* describes, characteristically enough, the fortunes of an individual soul, the process of its severance from the body, its passage, accompanied by its Guardian Angel, into Purgatory, and the one glimpse of Beatific Vision which is vouchsafed it on its way. The action is conceived as taking place in an infinitesimal fraction of time; the Angel says to the Soul:

'Divide a moment, as men measure time
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body; and the priest
Cried "Subvenite," and they fell to prayer;
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.

'For spirits and men by different standards mete
The less and greater in the flow of time.
By sun and moon, primeval ordinances—
By stars which rise and set harmoniously—
By the recurring seasons, and the swing,
This way and that, of the suspended rod
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,
Equal, continuous, for their common use.
Not so with us in the immaterial world;
But intervals in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone
And grow or wane with its intensity.'

The poem is a dialogue, not a picture, still less a panorama. Anything like a visual representation of the

unseen world Newman instinctively avoids, and this abstention heightens the atmosphere of awe and mystery which surrounds the poem. The Soul does not see its Guardian Angel, though it hears the Angel's voice, nor is any indication given of the form assumed by the mocking fiends who haunt the vestibule of the Judgment Throne, and whose defiance finds such powerful expression. The poet's imaginative effort is turned inward, and is directed to describing, with such exactness as words can convey, the feelings of the soul on its strange journey. It is in this that the originality and power of the poem chiefly consist. As an instance, the lines may be quoted which pass between the Angel and the Soul after the decisive severance has taken place. The Soul asks:—

'Shall I remain thus sight-bereft all through
My penance-time? If so how comes it then
That I have hearing still, and taste and touch,
Yet not a glimmer of the princely sense
Which binds ideas in one, and makes them live?'

ANGEL

'Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou now;
Thou livest in a world of signs and types,
The presentations of most holy truths,
Living and strong, which now encompass thee.
A disembodied soul, thou hast by right
No converse with aught else beside thyself;
But, lest so stern a solitude should load
And break thy being, in mercy are vouchsafed
Some lower measures of perception,

Which seem to thee, as though through channels brought
Through ear, or nerves, or palate, which are gone.
And thou art wrapped and swathed around in dreams,
Dreams that are true yet enigmatical;
For the belonging of thy present state,
Save through such symbols, come not home to thee.'

The poem, after passing beyond the bounds of space and time, ends on a quiet and reassuring note.

'Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient in thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.'

Having thus given poetic expression to his vision of the unseen world, Newman was now impelled to execute a further task. The intellect had its claims, and he would fain provide, in the few years of active mental life that might still be left him, a reasoned explanation of his faith. Not that the intimate and intuitive conviction, which had been borne in upon his youth and still burned with a clear and steady flame in his old age, was communicable in language. Words, as no one knew better than Newman, are an inadequate medium for conveying to others experience of this order. Framed at the beginning for the practical needs of man, and coerced, through the slow stages of an unwilling captivity, into his intellectual service, they are of little avail in the region which lies beyond that of intellect and sense. None the less,

it might be possible to define the path which had led him out of the quagmire of 'opinion' to the rock which he felt beneath his own feet; and, in virtue of a philosophic method grounded on the observed facts of human nature, to indicate this path to all who were of the moral disposition necessary for the acceptance of any form of Christianity.

On the other side was the sceptic, and through him there found expression those endless, relentless questionings of the abstract intellect which were always present to Newman's mental apprehension. Was the Catholic Faith, Newman imagined him asking,[1] based after all on anything but opinion? Does not Catholicism pretend to a certainty which is impossible? If a man argues himself into a belief that the Church is infallible may he not argue himself out of that belief? Can we get beyond a certain degree of probability about anything? To the general line of thought implicit in such arguments, Newman's answer is that thought itself, if it is not to commit suicide, requires assumptions of some kind for its own exercise, and that the sceptic has his own assumptions as well as another. The particular question, viz., that of the certitude with which the religious consciousness invests its object, had long engaged Newman's attention. 'Ten thousand difficulties,' he says, 'do not make a doubt;' and again, as he tells us in the *Apologia*, he had long ago held 'that absolute certitude as to the truths of natural theology was the result of an assemblage of concurring and converging probabilities . . . that

[1] See the memorandum on this point given in Ward, II, p. 242.

probabilities which did not reach to logical certainty might create a mental certitude.' To support the argument that the human mind is so constituted that it cannot acquiesce in mere probabilities, that the certitude of assent which the Catholic faith demands is correlative to the normal functioning of the human mind, is the underlying motive of Newman's last important work, *An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent* (1870). The book is designed to discuss, with special reference to religion, the manner in which men do in fact form their beliefs, and especially to vindicate their essential reasonableness in holding some beliefs with a feeling of absolute certitude. The main purpose of the first part of the Essay is, broadly speaking, directed to refuting the argument that we cannot believe what we cannot understand; that of the second part, towards showing that a cumulation of proofs, short of demonstration separately, 'may compel an absolute certitude.' In each of the two parts into which the essay is divided Newman considers evidences for the Christian and the Catholic Faith in the light of the main argument.

To deal with such a work as the *Grammar of Assent* in a few pages is a sheer impossibility; all that can be done is to bring into relief certain aspects of it which are especially suggestive and characteristic of Newman's philosophy. One or two considerations must first be mentioned which have adversely affected the general appreciation of the Essay. Newman was working in isolation from contemporary thought, and the book bears some marks of this isolation upon it. It

conforms, again, to none of the recognised categories, but is a fabric, interwoven with the utmost skill, of various strands, comprising logical and psychological discussion, historical and literary illustration. Again, though the arrangement is clear enough in a way, Newman neglects, an unusual thing with him, to provide the reader at the outset of his book with an idea of what he may expect to find in it. We are confronted in the opening chapters with a subtle analysis of 'modes of holding propositions,' which, though perhaps necessary to Newman's subsequent discussion of the mental processes attendant on the act of belief, presents the appearance of a prelude to a formal treatise rather than to what the book for the most part actually is, viz., a suggestive essay. It is not until the beginning of the second and more important portion (p. 157) that Newman states definitely the real, or at any rate the chief, purpose of the inquiry upon which he is engaged, viz., an inquiry into the psychology of belief.

One of the main purposes of the earlier chapters is to illustrate the difference between what Newman calls 'Notional' and 'Real Assents'—terms which have passed into the language. Real, as distinct from Notional, Assents are accorded to propositions which have the power of kindling feeling and exciting to action. This difference, though based on a distinction between 'notions' and 'things' which cannot stand rigorous criticism as the author states it, corresponds to the facts of human nature, and receives clear and beautiful exposition, such as is embodied in the following well-known passage:—

'Let us consider, too, how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine Hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind and a charm, which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival. Perhaps this is the reason of the mediæval opinion about Virgil, as if a prophet or magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time.'

Newman then proceeds to Apprehension and Assent in matters of religion. 'A dogma is a proposition; it stands for a notion or a thing; and to believe it is to give the assent of the mind to it, as it stands for the one or the other. To give a real assent to it is an act of religion; to give a notional, is a theological act. It is discussed, rested in, and appropriated as a reality by the religious imagination; it is held as a truth, by the theological intellect.' It is by means of conscience

that 'we gain an image of God and give a real assent to the proposition that He exists.' Conscience 'is not a rule of right conduct but a sanction of right conduct. This is its primary and most authoritative aspect; it is the ordinary sense of the word. Half the world would be puzzled to know what is meant by the moral sense, but everyone knows what is meant by a good and bad conscience. Conscience is ever forcing us by threats and by promises that we must follow the right and avoid the wrong.' Later on, in his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, he stated this even more powerfully. 'Conscience is the aboriginal Vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas, and, even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church should cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain and have a sway.' The first part of the Essay concludes by applying the distinction between Notional and Real Assents to the truths of the Christian religion itself, and to the dogmas which give them intellectual expression.

The dominating idea of the second part of the Essay is the great fact of Certitude, as a specific mental state, and its difference from every other mental state. In so doing, he is concerned to show the impotence of 'logic' or 'formal inference' in matters of fact. An interesting feature in this part of the discussion lies in its implied criticism of a theory of knowledge which, beginning with Locke, underlay the logic which he had learned many years before from Whateley, and had subsequently been developed by J. S. Mill.

Newman is in effect moving away from a theory of knowledge which regarded the mind as an inert recipient of external impressions, and reasoning as a process something analogous to the threading of beads on a string, towards the idealistic conception of the reasoning process which has since bulked so largely in English philosophy. This is seen in language such as the following, with its insistence on the vital activity of the mind itself in working in the material presented to it: 'Certitude is not a passive impression made upon the mind from without, by argumentative compulsion, but in all concrete questions (nay, even in abstract, for, though the reasoning is abstract, the mind which judges of it is concrete), it is an active recognition of propositions as true, such as it is the duty of each individual to exercise at the bidding of reason, and when reason forbids, to withhold.' If, in effect, you wait until you are compelled to move, you will never move far either in your reasoning or in your life.

Newman is not, however, criticising directly any 'sensationalist' theory of knowledge, but adopting the standpoint of the psychologist. Locke—whom he places in the forefront of the second part of the Essay—had held that, apart from matters of simple intuition, 'We have no right to entertain any proposition with greater assurance than the proofs it is built on will warrant,' from which it follows, that our assent to a proposition does and should vary in direct ratio to the amount of proof which we can produce for holding it. Newman, who does not profess to be considering any

metaphysical questions relative to the capacity of the human mind to attain truth, but to be analysing and justifying a specific mental attitude, maintains that Locke's doctrine fails to account for observed facts of the human mind. The doctrine is psychologically untrue because it fails to take into account what would now be called, though Newman does not use the word, a 'sub-conscious' element which he judges to exist in the reasoning process.

That we do believe, and that events justify us in believing, things to be true which we cannot 'prove' to be true even to our own satisfaction, and that, in the ordinary affairs of life, we stake our all on such beliefs, are palpable facts. In actual questions, we attain certainty in virtue of 'a cumulation of probabilities, independent of each other, arising out of the nature and circumstances of the particular case which is under review, probabilities too fine to avail separately, too subtle and circuitous to be convertible into syllogisms, too numerous and various for such conversion, even where they are convertible.' Full instances, from very different spheres, are given of how what may broadly be called 'circumstantial' evidence may have the same convincing effect upon our minds as 'demonstrative' or 'direct' evidence. The reason of this he finds to lie in a distinction between the mind's automatic action and its subsequent reflection upon such action. The mind reasons spontaneously, and in part unconsciously; moreover, from the nature of its constitution, its power of spontaneous action outruns its reflective power; 'it is unequal to the analysis

of the motives which impel it to a conclusion.' Hence, certitude as a state of mind may be actually though not demonstrably justifiable.

In any case, men do not attain truth in religious matters by dialectical operations :—

'Here are two celebrated writers [*i.e.*, Montaigne and Pascal] in direct opposition to each other in their fundamental view of truth and duty. Shall we say that there is no such thing as truth and error, but that anything is truth to a man that he troweth? and not rather, as the solution of a great mystery, that truth there is, and attainable it is, but that its rays stream in upon us through the medium of our moral as well as our intellectual being; and that in consequence that perception of its first principles which is natural to us is enfeebled, obstructed, perverted, by allurements of sense and the supremacy of self, and, on the other hand, quickened by aspirations after the supernatural; so that at length two characters of mind are brought into shape, and two standards and systems of thought —each logical, when analysed, yet contradictory of each other, and only not antagonistic because they have no common grounds on which they can conflict.'

Nevertheless, the mind has a power of deciding when it is warranted in according its unqualified assent to a proposition of the full grounds for holding which it may be only implicitly conscious, and this power Newman calls the 'Illative Sense.' It is in virtue of this 'Illative Sense,' which he opposes to 'Logical Formulas,' this inherent and matured power of right judgment in various subject matters, that a man is

justified in coming to absolute decisions, whatever may be the field in which his intelligence moves.

In the concluding chapters, he considers, in the light of the conclusions which he has reached, the evidences for Revealed Religion, and for Natural Religion as leading thereto, and the correspondence of the Church's teaching with the needs and the ineradicable spiritual instincts of human nature. In such inquiries, he considers, 'egotism is true modesty'; the utmost any one man can do is to 'bring his own experiences to the common stock of psychological facts.' Everyone who reasons is his own centre. The acceptance of Christianity depends upon the acceptance of certain initial principles, upon a certain moral disposition. 'I cannot convert men when I ask for assumptions which they refuse to grant me, and without assumptions no one can prove anything about anything.' Just because it is in their underlying assumptions rather than in their power of reasoning that men chiefly differ from one another, it is the less surprising that, while he could prove Christianity to be divine to his own satisfaction he would be unable to force this conception of it upon anyone else.

The *Grammar of Assent*, though very fruitful in suggestion and anticipation, is not an easy book to read, and bears traces of the great labour it evidently cost its author. Undoubtedly its most striking feature is Newman's discussion of the subconscious element in the mind's activity, which is especially remarkable when we consider that it was written more than fifty years ago. Another striking feature

is the combination of argumentative subtlety with a very close hold on the concrete. The manner in which Newman discusses examples drawn from the practice of lawyers, historians and critics provides a liberal education in the philosophy of evidence. One example, dealing with a familiar passage of Shakespeare, seems worth summarising even at a disproportionate length, as showing the power of critical analysis which he could exercise on what seemed an appropriate subject matter.

In the account of Falstaff's death (Henry V, II, 3), the text in the First Folio of 1623 reads, ' His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green baize,' which has no sense. Theobald emended this into ' and 'a babbled of green fields,' and so the passage reads in the ordinary editions. But an annotated copy of an early edition of Shakespeare had since come to light with as many as 20,000 marginal alterations, perhaps from a contemporary hand, and the passage in question was there corrected to ' on a table of green frieze,' which provided a sufficient though a less admirable sense than did Theobald's emendation. From this point Newman starts. Now, he continues, if we say Theobald's emendation is to be retained because (1) the 1623 reading is corrupt, (2) the annotation is anonymous, we make the dubious assumption that the text of a classic may be tampered with because it gives no sense. It might be plausibly argued that, if the text of such a classic as Shakespeare is corrupt it should be printed as corrupt, with no admixture of ' critical impertinence.' But, if Shakespeare were edited on

these principles, would he be read by any except scholars? Then again, is it of any use for him to be read except by educated people? In any case, can he be made light reading for the masses by ever so much correction of the text?

However, if we determine that the text must be altered the annotator's claim must be considered. This can only be done by an examination of the whole 20,000 corrections, and obviously only by a scholar. Can he communicate to others the photograph, as it were, of the 'multiform evidential fact' which this examination will have impressed on his own mind?

It has been urged, in favour of Theobald's emendation, that it has by now a prescriptive right to remain, that 'usurpation has become legitimacy' and if we once begin unsettling people's minds where will it stop? This leads us to consider 'myths, pious frauds, and other grave matters.' Nor is this all. We may go further. Perhaps the plays themselves were produced not by one man but by a collaboration; we know that there was a great dramatic school in that day, and we know very little about Shakespeare himself. May not Shakespeare undergo the same fate as Homer at the hands of criticism?—the subject is at any rate worthy the attention of a sceptical age. Not that Newman would himself countenance such a theory for an instant; he only undertakes this line of argument for the purpose of showing the importance of underlying assumptions in reasoning.

An uneventful period succeeded the publication of the *Grammar of Assent*. The quiet life at the Oratory

continued, and Newman occupied himself with a collected edition of his works. His activity as a correspondent, however, showed of necessity some abatement as the years narrowed his circle of friends, and it seemed now that his active life was over.

Yet once again was he to be called upon to sharpen his sword on behalf of his Church, this time, however, against an adversary who not only observed the strictest rules of the game, but paid him magnificent compliments on his possession of an 'intellect sharp enough to cut the diamond, and bright as the diamond which it cuts.' Gladstone had been alarmed by the definition of the universal jurisdiction and doctrinal infallibility of the Pope at the time when it was passed by the Vatican Council of 1870, and this alarm had now waxed to indignation. The Irish Catholic University question had come up again in the interim, and he had been led to introduce into the House of Commons a Bill for providing a University which was to carry an uncontentious character so far as to exclude theology, philosophy and modern history from its purview. But the Irish Episcopate were so ungrateful as to decline the proffered boon, and used their influence over the Irish Members to procure the rejection of the Bill. Gladstone resigned, and, though he returned to office for a brief period, the incident was an important factor in his decision to dissolve Parliament early in 1874.

The Conservatives were returned, and Gladstone had accordingly the leisure for a further and a warmer consideration of 'the Vatican Decrees in their bearing

upon Civil Allegiance.' He had now, over and above a strong personal feeling in the matter, a debt to the country owing, which he proceeded to discharge. The phenomenon of one hundred and forty-five thousand pamphlets scattered over the land and returning a doubtful answer to the question of whether Roman Catholics could be loyal subjects of both the Pope and the Queen arrested Newman's attention, and he undertook to reply. Gladstone was this time up against one from whom his own intellect had learned some of its subtlety. The theologically minded statesman was as naturally inclined to magnify the political implications of the doctrine as Newman was inclined to minimise them. A resounding controversy ensued, of the kind that the Victorians loved, a controversy concerned at once with ethical issues and with practical politics. Newman's reply took the form of a *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* (1875), his last work of any length. The first part of the letter is devoted to a brief history of the rise of the Papal power and of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, together with an exposition of the doctrine's real meaning as applied to Faith and Morals. In any case, Newman urges, the political question is mainly an academic question; the Pope, of course, is not infallible in matters of fact and matters of policy. 'The circumference of State and of Papal jurisdiction are for the most part quite apart from each other; there are just some few degrees out of the 360 in which they intersect; and Mr. Gladstone, instead of letting these cases of intersection alone till they actually occur, asks me what I should

do if I found myself placed in the space intersected.' He would give an 'absolute obedience' neither to the Pope nor to the Queen; in hypothetical cases, or at least very remotely probable cases, he would have to judge for himself, and be guided by his conscience. Conscience, truly so called, and understood not as a fancy or opinion, but in the high sense of which an illustration was quoted earlier in this chapter, must at all costs be obeyed. If, which would be unseemly, he had to bring religion into a toast, he would drink to 'Conscience first, and the Pope afterwards.'

Newman saw, of course, clearly enough that the real question was not only the Papal prerogatives as recently defined, but the existence at all in a modern non-Catholic state of a 'Church wielding the weapons of St. Ambrose and St. Augustin.' But he keeps to the point selected by Gladstone, and in consequence does not discuss the general question. He does not, however, conceal his own sympathies; it would be useless, and a poor compliment, to try to modernise him. In Church and State, he remains an impenitent champion of what he would have no doubt ironically called 'the wrong, that is the losing side,' of the England of his youth, when Christianity was judicially declared to be the law of the land. In those days, he asks, 'Could public prints day after day, or week after week, carry on a war against religion, natural and revealed, as now is the case? No; law or public opinion would not suffer it; we may be wiser or better now, but we were then in the wake of the Holy Roman Church, and had been so from the time of the Re-

formation. We are faithful to the Tradition of fifteen hundred years. All this was called Toryism, and men gloried in the name; now it is called Popery, and reviled.'

Newman's letter was not the only answer to Gladstone's expostulation, but, while other champions of the Vatican decrees were rewarded with various marks of the Vatican's approbation, Newman remained as completely in the cold as ever. This neglect excited the concern of many of his co-religionists and the surprise of the general public—but Rome gave no sign. The year 1878 was, however, marked by a pleasant incident. Newman's old College, Trinity, made him an honorary Fellow, the first suggestion of this compliment having been made by Mr. R. W. Raper. After thirty-three years, he revisited Oxford. The task of proposing his health at a dinner given in celebration of the event—and an extraordinarily difficult and delicate task it must have been—was undertaken by Mr. (afterwards Viscount) Bryce, in a speech which was long remembered. In recalling the occasion many years afterwards, Lord Bryce wrote to Mr. Ward :—

'What struck us most was the mixture of sadness and pleasure with which he came among us and recalled his early days. The reference in one of his writings to his rooms in the College and to a plant of snapdragon which grew upon the wall opposite the window of the room in which he lived, on what we used to call the kitchen staircase, will occur to your readers. I think the reference is in the *Apologia*.

'There was something tenderly pathetic to us younger people to see the old man come again, after so many eventful years, to the hall where he had been wont to sit as a youth, the voice so often heard in St. Mary's retaining, faint though it had grown, the sweet modulations Oxford knew well, and the aged face worn deep with the lines of thought, trouble and sorrow. The story of a momentous period in the history of the University, and of religion in England, seemed to be written there.'

Newman's days of battle were now over; the weapons which had served him so well in many a fight for his faith were laid aside at last. The serene and mellow old age upon which he had now entered is remembered by people still living, and has been portrayed by several artists. Finding, as he seemed to do in his later years, a general decay of the religious spirit in England, he had grown more and more ready to welcome any genuine manifestation of that spirit under whatsoever guise it might present itself. Passing his days in a tranquil round of study, meditation and prayer, he little foresaw the last and crowning change which was still to come over his earthly fortunes.

CHAPTER X

MADE A CARDINAL—LAST YEARS

By the end of 1878 a change had begun in the policy of Rome. Pius IX in his last years had become, as Cardinal Manning regretted to observe, 'old and garrulous, and not to be entrusted with a secret;' but he was no more, having died at the beginning of the year. With him had departed Manning's special influence at the Vatican. Monsignor Talbot, too, was gone; his mind had given way, and he had been for some years in an enforced seclusion. Cardinal Pecci, who had not been acceptable to Pius IX and had seldom left his diocese of Perugia, was now Leo XIII. Very little was known of him outside Italy, but he was reputed to be a lover of learning and of a less rigid tendency than his predecessor. The opportunity seemed favourable for securing official recognition of the great services which Newman had rendered to the cause of religion, and it is significant that the first attempt in this direction was made by the laity. Some Catholic noblemen, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, approached Cardinal Manning with this object. Manning had, to do him justice, written to the Vatican some years before emphasising Newman's essential loyalty to Catholic tradition, and the letter

had no doubt had its effect. But this was a different matter altogether. He was now requested from a source which he could not disregard to further an event which would not only confer on Newman the highest honour, but would intimate in the plainest way to at any rate all English people who were interested in the matter that the policy, or part of it, with which he had been identified during practically the whole of his Roman Catholic career was now reversed. No wonder that, when the proposal was made to him, he 'bent his head and remained silent for some moments.' Recovering his self-possession, he rose to the occasion. With great alacrity he offered to embody in a letter of his own the reasons why Newman should be made a Cardinal. He did not, however, hurry over the matter, though it does not appear that he was entirely accountable for a delay which occurred in forwarding the proposal through the regular channels. It was, in fact, from the Duke of Norfolk, who happened to be in Rome, that the new Pope first heard of it and perhaps, of Newman.

Newman had taken a natural interest in the accession of Leo XIII. He had, however, no reason to suppose that it would affect himself, and was in any case no longer of an age to expect anything more from life. Knowing nothing of the efforts that were being made on his behalf, he was one day suddenly informed that it was proposed to transform him from a simple priest into a Cardinal. He was overwhelmed by the exalted character of the rank he was thus invited to assume, and its incongruity with the style in which he

had always lived. 'The cloud is lifted from me for ever,' was all he could say to his brethren of the Oratory. Nevertheless, remembering previous experiences, he could not altogether believe in the reality of this tremendous reversal of fortune, and had a prophetic foreboding that there might still be a hitch somewhere.

Nor was he at first clear that he could accept the dignity, involving, as it apparently would, the condition of residence in Rome which is entailed on all Cardinals who are not also in charge of dioceses. He was an old man, and could not now leave his home. These feelings, together with his deep gratitude for an offer which in itself set an authoritative seal on his Catholic life and teaching, he expressed in a letter written to the Bishop of Birmingham for transmission by way of Manning to the Vatican. He would not give the appearance of trying to bargain with the Pope as to the terms on which he was to be made a Cardinal, and the letter, as it stood and to anyone who was not prepared to read between the lines, looked like a refusal. But the Bishop of Birmingham took care to send with Newman's letter a long one of his own, making Newman's real wishes, which he had himself ascertained, abundantly clear. Manning, however, felt not the least inclination to exercise any interpretative sympathy, but a very great inclination to understand in the most literal fashion Newman's own words, to the effect that he could not be a Cardinal because he could not reside in Rome. He seems to have persuaded himself that Newman did not really want the dignity, and, when

the whole affair was over, told Newman explicitly that that was the impression he received. Not only did he take no trouble to write to Newman himself, or to ascertain from Rome whether the objection would really have been insuperable, but he actually sanctioned the issue of a report that Newman had declined. The *Times* accordingly came out with a definite and very prominent announcement that the Pope wished to make Dr. Newman a Cardinal but that 'with expressions of deep respect for the Holy See, he has excused himself from accepting the purple.' Newman, who had meant to do nothing of the kind, saw this announcement with consternation. The prize seemed slipping from his grasp. Had his letter been transmitted to Rome, and, if it had not, what would the Vatican think of a man who could send to the newspapers his refusal of a highly confidential offer before making it known to the Pope himself? However, there was just time, by quick and effective action, to save the situation and to undeceive Cardinal Manning beyond the remotest possibility of any further misunderstanding.

In the event, everything was satisfactorily arranged, and Newman, with what feelings may be imagined, journeyed to Rome to receive the Cardinal's hat. He took his title from the little church of San Giorgio in Velabro, by the arch of Janus. At one of the ceremonies incidental to his elevation, he proclaimed, in an impressive speech, the principles which had guided his life and inspired his teaching. For thirty, forty, fifty years, he said, he had resisted to the best of his powers 'the spirit of Liberalism in religion,' which he

regarded as inconsistent with the recognition of there being any positive truth in religion.

He was unable by reason of his health to make a long stay in Rome. On his return to England, tokens of a widespread veneration met him on every hand. He made a few appearances in London, and paid a second and more ceremonious visit to Oxford. A glimpse of him at a reception in the Duke of Norfolk's London house, invested with the state which Cardinals are bound by oath to maintain on formal occasions, is afforded by a contemporary letter. It occurs in the correspondence of Matthew Arnold, who, as we have lately learned, grouped Newman in strange association with Goethe, Wordsworth and Sainte-Beuve as one of the four men by whom he had been most influenced.[1] 'I went,' Matthew Arnold writes, 'because I wanted to have spoken once in my life to Newman, and because I wanted to see the house. The house is not so fine as I expected. Newman was in costume, not full Cardinal's costume, but a sort of vest with gold about it and the red cap; he was in state at one end of the room, with the Duke of Norfolk on one side of him and a chaplain on the other, and people filed before him as before the Queen, dropping on their knees when they were presented and kissing his hand. It was the faithful who knelt in general, but then it was in general only the faithful who were presented. That old mountebank, Lord ——, dropped on his knees, however, and mumbled the Cardinal's hand like a piece

[1] *Unpublished Letters of Matthew Arnold*, edited by Arnold Whitridge, p. 66. The quotation is from the *Letters*, II, p. 169, and is given by permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

of cake. I only made a deferential bow, and Newman took my hand in both of his and was charming. He said, "I ventured to tell the Duchess I should like to see you." One had to move on directly, for there was a crowd of devotees waiting and he retires at eleven. But I am very glad to have seen him.'

Newman continued to live in the Birmingham Oratory as before. 'Those who have been privileged to visit him,' writes a contemporary biographer,[1] 'in his own little room at the Oratory have been struck by the comparative bareness of its furniture. His bed, hung all round with curtains, stands screened off in one corner; a little square of carpet occupies the middle of the apartment; there are no evidences of luxury save those afforded by the presence of books; simplicity prevails on every hand.' Though now eighty and more years old, Newman still wrote occasionally. The following, taken from a preface which he contributed in 1882 to Palmer's *Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the Years 1840, 1841*, shows that his hand had not lost its cunning. 'The most carefully considered judgments of Lord Westbury and Lord Cairns,' says Mr. Birrell of this passage, 'may be searched in vain for finer examples of stern accuracy and beautiful aptness of language.'

'William Palmer was one of those earnest-minded and devout men, forty years since, who, deeply convinced of the great truth that our Lord had instituted, and still acknowledges and protects, a visible Church —one, individual, and integral; Catholic, as spread

[1] Jennings, *Life*, p. 136.

over the earth, Apostolic, as coeval with the Apostles of Christ, and Holy, as being the dispenser of His Word and Sacraments—considered it at present to exist in three main branches, or rather in a triple presence, the Latin, the Greek and the Anglican, these three being one and the same Church distinguishable from each other by secondary, fortuitous, and local, though important characteristics. And whereas the whole Church in its fulness was, as they believed, at once and generally Anglican, Greek, and Latin, so in turn each one of those three was the whole Church; whence it followed that, whenever any one of the three was present, the other two, by the nature of the case, were absent, and therefore the three could not have direct relations with each other, as if they were three substantive bodies, there being no real difference between them except the external accident of place. Moreover, since, as has been said, on a given territory there could not be more than one of the three, it followed that Christians generally, wherever they were, were bound to recognise, and had a claim to be recognised by that one; ceasing to belong to the Anglican Church, as Anglican, when they were at Rome, and ignoring Rome, as Rome, when they found themselves at Moscow. Lastly, not to acknowledge this inevitable outcome of the initial idea of the Church, viz., that it was both everywhere and one, was bad logic, and to act in opposition to it was nothing short of setting up altar against altar, that is, the hideous sin of schism, and a sacrilege. This I conceive to be the formal teaching of Anglicanism.'

The seclusion which was forced on Newman by age surrounded him with an atmosphere of mystery and awe in the general imagination, and his rare public appear-

ances evoked a response which pleased him greatly. To those who knew him his personal charm seemed even to increase with years. The past was forgotten, and he would not allow old quarrels to be referred to in his presence. Much, however, as he valued his elevation, he was conscious that it had come too late for him to make much use of the authority with which it was accompanied. He continued to cherish thoughts of revisiting Rome, but each successive year rendered it more difficult, and he was only able to contemplate such a step in the event of an emergency which might imperatively require his presence there as a Cardinal. One of the Oratorian fathers, his biographer tells us, drew from him an interesting statement of what would be his distinctive policy in the exceedingly improbable but not absolutely impossible event of his being called to preside over the Church himself. He said that he would appoint and organise commissions on various subjects, especially on Biblical criticism and on the History of the Early Church, and thus 'advance work for another to take up if he willed.'

The Cardinal continued, we are told, to take an interest in the events of the day, and bought maps to enable him to follow the progress of Gordon in the Soudan. He was deeply moved to learn that one of the books which Gordon had with him in Khartoum was the *Dream of Gerontius*, and the copy, marked in pencil, was eventually sent to him to see. As long as he could he kept up correspondence with old friends, within and without the Roman Catholic Church, but, as sight and strength grew gradually feebler, he became unable to

hold the pen, and unable to preach. It was not, however, until the winter before his death that he suffered the heaviest loss of all. He continued to hope, said one of the Oratorians, 'that with the bright sunlight of the spring he might some day find himself in a condition to say Mass once again,' but the day never came.

He died on August 11th, 1890, and was buried at Rednal. By his own direction, the following epitaph, written by himself, was engraved on his tomb :—

Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.

CHAPTER XI

NEWMAN AS MAN OF LETTERS

No one has attempted to challenge the verdict which was passed by a contemporary critic at the time of Newman's death :— [1]

'In a century in which physical discovery and material well-being have usurped and almost absorbed the admiration of mankind, such a life as that of Cardinal Newman stands out in strange and almost majestic, though singularly graceful and unpretending contrast to the eager and agitated turmoil of confused passions, hesitating ideals, tentative virtues, and groping philanthropies, amidst which it has been lived.'

Complex as his character may seem, hard as it may be to reconcile the dogmatism and the questioning, the ruthlessness and the tenderness, the subtlety and the naturalness, of which it was compact, or to disentangle the threads of reason and imagination by which he was led to his conclusions, an underlying moral unity is not hard to find. We have necessarily seen much of the stress of thought and the turmoil of controversy which accompanied some parts of his life, and are therefore in danger of seeing him out of focus. But, except for a few brief years, these

[1] R. H. Hutton, *Cardinal Newman*, p. 251.

things did not agitate more than the surface of a spirit whose depths lay far beneath. Though his character may afford, and indeed has afforded, a problem to the psychologist, no one doubts what is its clear significance, its eternal value, as shown in the life which he led and the example which he set. In this respect, the only charge which has ever been seriously and intelligently preferred against him is the bitterness which he occasionally displayed in his polemical writings. It is not the heaviest of indictments; in any case, the decision must be left to those—they can scarcely be many—who have at command similar weapons to his and have been subjected to similar provocation. The plainest record of his life and achievements is the best testimony to his greatness, and he has no need of eulogies such as he never sought in his life. Like the hero of Landor's poem—

> 'Wakeful he sits, and lonely, and unmoved,
> Beyond the arrows, shouts and views of men.'

But his teaching, in its specific nature and outcome? On this question there is difference indeed. A library has centred round it. By some Newman will always be chiefly reverenced as a shining ornament of their own august Church, all the more powerful as a teacher and an apologist in that he knew so well the existence and the character of other forms of Christianity. To some he will be dear for the effect he wrought on the Church which he abandoned; others, again, will prefer to see in him a spiritual

force valid for all who profess and call themselves Christians. In different eyes from any of these he will be simply an impossible prophet of 'them that look behind,' one who, by sheer fascination of style, lured men back to outworn and chimerical ideals. He has been regarded by some as a deep thinker, by others as little more than a great rhetorician. Nevertheless, from out this welter of opinion three solid facts emerge, on two of which Newman would himself have based his claim to a long remembrance. He infused fresh life-blood into the Church of his birth, and the impulse which he gave to it shows, after ninety years, no sign of exhaustion. In virtue of the same influence, he led not a few of his countrymen into the Church of his adoption, and was the chief means by which the majority of English people were reconciled to its renewed and active presence in their midst. He is also recognised to be an English classic, little as he himself was concerned to achieve any literary fame. It is as such that we have been and are chiefly considering him.

A priest by calling, and anything but an author by profession, Newman very seldom wrote with a conscious literary intention. Except for his sermons, his writing was very largely called forth by the special circumstances, as they arose, of his ecclesiastical career. A good deal of it was controversial, and controversial theology—unless indeed the controversialist be Pascal—cannot have a long expectation of life. Apart from purely theological purposes—as to which it is for theologians to say—it is of no use

pretending that even the admirable form which his art has given them can now secure readers for at any rate the majority of his more elaborate works. The questions to which he devoted a subtle and searching intellect have passed into new phases; the occasions which inspired him are forgotten. Posterity does not, however, invariably repay with gratitude those who write expressly for it, and such of Newman's writings as seem likely on general grounds to stand the test of time derive from the circumstances of their composition a flavour of actuality, a circumstantial grip, which is one ingredient of their power. In his own time, certainly, Newman was fortunate in his audience. It was not solely an academic or even a clerical audience; it comprised the reading portion of the nation. The educated Victorian public were, however hostile to his teaching, far from indifferent to the issues which it raised. They cherished a serious interest in Theology as well as in History and Natural Science, and, besides giving a prodigious welcome to, for example, Newman's own *Apologia* and Gladstone's ecclesiastical pamphlets, they were not afraid of large volumes and many of them. It was the existence of this public which lent to the characteristic Victorian writers a perceptible consciousness, denied to many of their successors, of being heralds of large ideas on a large stage, and it was to this consciousness that they owed at least in part the quality of impressiveness, of appeal, which distinguishes them. In this respect, if in no other, Newman is typical of the literature of his age.

In the occasional character of much of his writing, Newman stands, after all, well within our national tradition. He stands in the line of those writers who were also men of affairs, in the line of Swift, and Burke and Morley, however different were their affairs from those in which Newman dealt. His aim, no less than that of the statesman, was to move men to think and act in a certain way. Not, of course, that there can be much actual resemblance between religious and political writing and oratory. The difference of subject matter is too great, and the severe spirituality of Newman's character places a considerable portion of his writings outside any such comparison. As regards one name with whom, as a man of letters, he has some affinity, it cannot be claimed for him that, in his own sphere, he occupies the solitary eminence to which sheer power of thought and imagination has lifted Burke among political orators. None the less, in celebrating the history, defending the spirit, and expounding the distinctive tenets of his Church, he displays no small portion of the imaginative depth and all the intensity of feeling which enabled Burke to invest a temporary occasion with a lasting significance. The great passage, for example, towards the end of the *Apologia* where he invokes the tremendous prerogative of Infallibility against religious and moral anarchy is heightened by the exercise of an imagination akin to Burke's. The imaginative faculty by which the ' burning, shining face ' of India became a present reality to Burke enabled Newman also to depict the clear radiance of the Attic landscape, and

the descent of the locusts upon the African city. He recalls Burke also in amplitude of diction and, on occasion, in declamatory rush, though declamation is hardly the word to use in Newman's case, since it seems to connote a loud and insistent quality which is utterly foreign to him. But here the resemblance ends. Newman's style flows more easily than Burke's, is governed by a far purer taste, and is quite without mannerism.

That Newman ranks with the greatest masters of our language and that his prose exhibits a range of qualities not often found in combination, is generally admitted. Critics are agreed that his style can be suggestive or exact, concise or expansive, as the occasion demands, and that, in all its manifestations, it never fails in lucidity and in beauty of cadence. Its most obvious quality is the absence of mannerism just referred to, which makes it the despair of the imitator. It has the fundamental characteristic of all great style, in that it is the unforced though deliberate expression of a great personality; and that its eye is primarily on its object and not on itself. Even where word is piled on word and clause on clause within the compass of a sentence which may take up the length of a page, this copiousness is not felt to be prompted by any preoccupation with language as such. It is rather felt to spring from a desire to secure the fullest possible illustration of the writer's meaning, an illustration which would neglect no aspect which an idea may present, and no shade of feeling with which it may be invested. Newman's ever-present sense

of the inadequacy of words to represent things led him to employ words freely in his effort at an approximation. 'It is as easy to create as to define,' he says somewhere. It was not within the resources of any language to present more than a faint and broken reflection of realities, especially of those realities among which he himself lived.

In its absence of mannerism Newman's prose shows its traditional character, a character grounded, as we have seen, in the source and centre of European prose. 'The Latin of Cicero,' says a recent translator,[1] 'is an almost perfect instrument for the expression of ideas oratorically (that is, not only in the exact order in which they are to be presented to the mind of the hearer, but also with the exact amount of emphasis which is to attach to each), by means of sentences which leave a harmonious expression of niceness of phrase combined with completeness of statement;' the three qualities which make up a Ciceronian style being 'logical arrangement, distinct emphasis, and well-balanced rhythm.' No less may be said of Newman's own style, and we know that he was in the habit of translating a sentence of English into Latin every day. He has himself acknowledged his debt in an interesting letter on this subject written in 1869:—

'It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides

[1] Preface to *Select Speeches of Cicero*. Translated by H. E. D. Blakiston, p. 1. (Methuen.)

innumerable corrections and interlinear additions. I am not stating this as a merit, only that some persons write their best first, and I very seldom do. Those who are good speakers may be supposed to be able to write off what they want to say. I, who am not a good speaker, have to correct laboriously what I put on paper. I have heard that Archbishop Howley, who was an elegant writer, betrayed the labour by which he became so by his mode of speaking, which was most painful to hear from his hesitation and alterations—that is, he was correcting his composition as he went along.

'However, I may truly say that I never have been in the practice since I was a boy of attempting to write well, or to form an elegant style. I think I have never written for writing's sake; but my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult—viz., to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and re-writings. When I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself that I have either put it altogether aside or fiercely corrected it; but I don't get any better for practice. I am as much obliged to correct and re-write as I was thirty years ago.

'As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I have ever had (which is strange considering the differences of the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and as far as I know to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness.'

Although, however, Newman may not have been under obligations to any other writer, he could not escape the influences of his early and academic environ-

ment. He had attained maturity before the eighteenth century, as a historical epoch, saw its real end in 1832. It was to the eighteenth century that he belonged in his general outlook on mundane matters as well as in the texture of his style, even though he spent his life in combating its religious philosophy. That century, with its strong sense of the distinction between prose and verse and of the diction appropriate to each, had created a prose style which, under all its varieties, adhered, generally speaking, to a certain recognised standard. In this tradition, which was exemplified in the excellent academic prose written by the elder Arnold, by Whateley, and many others, Newman was brought up. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the general qualities of eighteenth-century prose; a fundamental sobriety and restraint is apparent in its simpler and even its more turgid forms; and Newman seldom deliberately aims at effects much beyond its normal capacity. For the lucid and agreeable discussion of ordinary topics—and for other purposes too, as Berkeley shows—the less artificial type of this prose formed an admirable instrument. It was essentially the prose of a cultivated social life, and the substance of Newman's own prose, flowing and ample as may be its periods, is found in the language used by educated people in conversation. The spoken word is seldom far off, and is not infrequently in evidence where it would hardly be expected. In the course, for example, of the dignified piece of self-appreciation with which Newman concludes the first part of the *Apologia*, he

refers to himself as 'one who would have saved himself many a scrape if he had been wise enough to hold his tongue.' In what, again, is perhaps his most highly-wrought piece of description, that of Athens in the *University Sketches*, he says of an imaginary sightseer overlooking the Aegean, 'he would not deign to notice the restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it.' The whole of this description, indeed, is an excellent example of the richness of total effect which Newman can contrive out of simple elements.

Newman's prose, then, is English 'of the centre,' if there be any such, fundamentally plain, well adapted, in spite of its academic savour, for work-a-day purposes, absolutely free from preciosity, and, for all the care which was bestowed upon it, far too natural and spontaneous in origin to smell of the lamp. When dealing with abstruse matters, as in the *Grammar of Assent*, Newman wrote instinctively in the manner of Berkeley, with none of the jargon of the schools. His style retains much of the leisureliness, much of the reserve, and, on occasion, something of the formality of the eighteenth century. But the imagination of the artist cannot always be accommodated to the general sobriety of its pace, as we see in many a glowing passage. Nor can the emotion of the prophet always be restrained within formal boundaries, and it is then that we hear the 'religious music, subtle, sweet, and mournful,' of which Matthew Arnold speaks.

Newman's affinity to Cicero went deeper than

manner. It was in rhetoric that his genius also found its natural expression, understanding the term to mean the art of using written no less than spoken words for the purpose of persuasion. He illustrates indeed in his own person the ancient conception of oratory, as bringing thereto the whole of his intellect and knowledge. His mind, which was not essentially of the speculative order, needed above all things a thesis to defend and especially to attack, a given basis from which to start. In the acute piece of self-analysis from which we have quoted in an earlier chapter, he himself singles out as his chief qualities 'a power of realising and drawing out the consequences of certain admitted principles, and a rhetorical power of representing them.' In spite of his miscellaneous essays, and of the philosophical enquiry to which he dedicated his last considerable effort, he had not a great deal of the disinterested curiosity which is the impulse of the philosopher and the historian. The serious historical work with which he had been occupied in his early days ceased when his mind was at rest on the practical question which it suggested. Even the *Grammar of Assent* was prompted at least partly by his dissatisfaction with current Catholic apologetic.

The resources of his rhetoric are well-nigh inexhaustible. Whether his main purpose be to persuade, as in his *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, to expound, as in the *Idea of a University*, or to refute, as in his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, he never fails in ordering his argument and presenting his case to the best possible advantage. He combines in a highly

unusual degree logical acuteness with an imaginative power to which he gives free play and an emotional capacity which he keeps under strict control. It is not merely that his more closely argued treatises, such as the *Grammar of Assent*, are often interspersed with passages of a vivid imaginative power or a subdued emotional appeal; a blending of argument, imagination and emotion is often wrought into the very texture of his most characteristic works. It is this quality which induces in many readers the feeling that they are somehow being 'got at' by an even too plausible mode of persuasion. This sprang mainly from an intense consciousness of how complex are in fact the motives by which men are led to form practical decisions. Newman, in spite of his academic life, was always aware of the street outside his study windows. Prompted by a keen desire to carry his readers with him, and by a clear insight into their probable feelings and mental operations, he neglects no mode of persuasion to which they are likely to be accessible. His style and manner are accordingly in flexible correspondence with his sensitiveness to the possibilities of his subject-matter and to the temperament of his audience. Any reader will recall without difficulty not a few of those brief and pointed sayings which stamp themselves on the memory and betray a mastery of phrase. But it is not the phrase so much as the paragraph, not the part but the whole, that is the important thing in him. Though he can when he likes, he does not as a rule proceed by way of incisive strokes. His characteristic power lies rather

in suggesting a mental atmosphere—his own—and in leading his readers on by a method of gentle and accumulative persuasion.

Newman was not, however, always engaged in rhetoric, or concerned to express himself in the manner befitting an orator conscious of a great theme and a great occasion. The passages by which, after all, he has chiefly enriched our literature are those where there was no question of enforcing an argument or refuting an opponent, where deep feeling finds simple utterance, and a perfect naturalness is seconded only by the fastidiousness of a scholar and the ear of a musician. Among such passages are the endings of the *Apologia*, of the *Essay on Development*, and of the sermon called *The Parting of Friends*.

Mark Pattison, in a judgment which is well known, held that the force of Newman's dialectic, and the beauty of his rhetorical exposition, blinded one to the narrowness of their basis. 'Newman assumed and adorned the narrow basis on which Laud had stood two hundred years before. All the grand development of human reason, from Aristotle down to Hegel, was a sealed book to him.' This judgment, coming from one who was not only the most learned man of his time, but who also knew Newman well, cannot be disputed. None the less, its terms invite us to remark the insight and the foresight with which Newman's mind worked on the materials at its disposal. He has given unrivalled literary illustration to the conception of a University as a place of education, and again to the process by which a living idea is developed under

the action of many minds and through long ages of history. To say that he was primarily a rhetorician is not to deny that he was also an independent thinker, and a thinker, moreover, who in some important respects reached forward rather than back. That a religious philosophy can no more afford to neglect the will than to neglect the intellect or the emotions, that assumptions are involved in our ordinary judgments as well as in the conduct of our lives, that the question of the subconscious lies at the root of psychology, are some of the doctrines which he expressly or implicitly teaches. The main current of his thought is set steadily against any *à priori* theories which achieve a fallacious simplicity by neglecting the complexity of circumstance, or by considering man apart from what he has in the past shown himself to be.

Much as we have been occupied in this chapter with interests which Newman would have regarded as of little worth if compared with those to which he dedicated the whole of his life, it is impossible to end it on an academic note. Human nature and human needs remain unaffected by anything so contingent as philosophy, and the use which Newman made of his own gifts renders him a singularly effective witness to the truth that, among the sources of strength and consolation open to mankind, the highest place cannot be claimed by literature. Nor is it in the realm even of theology that he will exercise his most abiding influence. The aspirations of the religious consciousness change but little, and few have given them more poignant expression. The most eloquent Christian

teacher of nineteenth-century England, he has that in him which is beyond eloquence. There are moments when his simplest words come to us charged with an unearthly import, as straight from out the region where he loved to dwell.

SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHY

[For a tolerably if not absolutely exhaustive list, with dates, of Newman's writings, see the list appended to the article on him in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. For a general bibliography of the Oxford Movement, including Newman's principal writings, see that drawn up by Canon Ollard for the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, Vol. XII, p. 453. The list of works dealing specifically with Newman which is given below has no pretence to completeness, and, being designed for the general reader, omits works of purely theological or controversial interest. Nor does it include works that are out of print.]

I. NEWMAN'S WORKS

The authorised standard edition is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. An asterisk is prefixed to those volumes which the non-theological reader will probably find most interesting.

1. Sermons

Parochial and Plain Sermons. Eight vols.

*Selection, Adapted to the Seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year, from the *Parochial and Plain Sermons*.

Fifteen Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford, between 1826 and 1843.

Sermons bearing upon Subjects of the Day.

Discourses to mixed Congregations.

Sermons preached on Various Occasions.

2. Treatises.

Lectures on the Doctrine of Justification.

*An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine.

*The Idea of a University Defined and Illustrated.

"University Teaching" considered in nine discourses. Being the First Part of *The Idea of a University Defined and Illustrated.*

An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent.

An Indexed Synopsis of Newman's *Grammar of Assent.* By the Rev. John J. Toohey, S.J.

3. Historical.

Historical Sketches. Three vols.

Vol. I.—The Turks in their Relation to Europe—Marcus Tullius Cicero—Apollonius of Tyana—Primitive Christianity.

*Vol. II.—The Church of the Fathers—St. Chrysostom—Theodoret—Mission of St. Benedict—Benedictine Schools.

*Vol. III.—Rise and Progress of Universities (originally published as "Office and Work of Universities")—Northmen and Normans in England and Ireland—Mediæval Oxford—Convocation of Canterbury.[1]

"The Church of the Fathers." Reprinted from *Historical Sketches Vol. II.*

4. Essays.

Two Essays on Miracles.

*Discussions and Arguments.

1. How to accomplish it. 2. The Antichrist of the Fathers. 3. Scripture and the Creed. 4. Tamworth Reading-room. 5. Who's to Blame? 6. An Argument for Christianity.

Essays, Critical and Historical. Two vols., with notes.

1. Poetry. 2. Rationalism. 3. Apostolic Tradition. 4. De la Mennais. 5. Palmer on Faith and Unity. 6. St. Ignatius. 7. Prospects of the Anglican Church. 8. The Anglo-American Church. 9. Countess of Huntingdon. 10. Catholicity of the Anglican Church. 11. The Antichrist of Protestants. 12. Milman's Christianity. 13. Reformation of the Eleventh Century. 14. Private Judgment. 15. Davison. 16. Keble.

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[1] See text, p. 137, near bottom. For "Series I" read "Volume III."

5. Theological.

The Arians of the Fourth Century.

Select Treatises of Athanasius. Two vols.

Tracts: Theological and Ecclesiastical.

1. Dissertatiunculæ. 2. On the Text of the Seven Epistles of St. Ignatius. 3. Doctrinal Causes of Arianism. 4. Apollinarianism. 5. St. Cyril's Formula. 6. Ordo de Tempore. 7. Douay Version of Scripture.

6. Polemical.

The Via Media of the Anglican Church. Two vols. Vol. I. Prophetical Office of the Church. Vol. II. Occasional Letters and Tracts (including *Tracts for the Times*, No. 90).

*Difficulties of Anglicans. Two vols. Vol. I. Twelve Lectures. Vol. II. Letters to Dr. Pusey concerning the Blessed Virgin, and to the Duke of Norfolk in defence of the Pope and Council.

*Present Position of Catholics in England.

*Apologia Pro Vita Sua.

7. Literary.

*Verses on Various Occasions (including the *Dream of Gerontius*).

*The Dream of Gerontius.

*Loss and Gain: the Story of a Convert.

*Callista: a Tale of the Third Century.

8. Devotional.

Meditations and Devotions. Part I. Meditations for the Month of May. Novena of St. Philip. Part II. The Stations of the Cross. Meditations and Intercessions for Good Friday. Litanies, etc. Part III. Meditations on Christian Doctrine. Conclusion.

9. Posthumous.

Addresses to Cardinal Newman with his Replies (1879–81). Edited by the Rev. W. P. Neville (Congr. Orat.).

Sermon Notes, 1849–1878. Edited by the Fathers of the Birmingham Oratory.

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10. Biographies.

Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during his Life in the English Church. With a brief autobiography. Edited, at Cardinal Newman's request, by Anne Mozley. Two vols.

Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman, based on his private Journals and Correspondence, by Wilfrid Ward. Two vols.

The above are, as stated above, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

Of selections from Newman's works there are, besides that mentioned above :

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Both with introductions by George Sampson.

Spirit of Cardinal Newman : a selection from his writings, with preface by C. C. Martindale, S.J. (Burns & Oates.)

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[1] Accidentally omitted from mention in the footnote to p. 154 of the text.

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